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Pat and John Coyne Witness

Smokin Ernest Hemingway vs. The Poet

ERIC LOHMANN

Special Review of the People Issue

Kate Millett...p. 3 Mayor Daley...p. 5 Spiro Agnew...p. 7
Flip Wilson...p. 8 Franklin Roosevelt...p. 17 Robert Brustein...p. 20

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THE ALTERNATIVE: TO BARE THE WITNESS AND THE TRUTH

Published remarkably without regard to race, color, creed, or (most redundantly of all) national origin -- the question of sex is still in committee.

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NOTICE

As many universities are adjourning early this year, and as the unexpected postal rate increase has eaten deeply into our sorely pressed budget, this issue of The Alternative is the last of the semester. We will resume publication with our September issue when we hope to be a little better healed and when the circus resumes.

Elsewhere in this issue you will find change of address forms; please send us your new address as soon as possible.

Until September then, cheers!

Editorial

Telling Fat Women They are Beautiful

Springtime in the Audience Republic—what a palmy pother to behold! Creeping from the warmth of their wintry lair come the politicians, the pundits and the various purveyors of snake oil who work the national conscience for every loose dime. They all swarm onto the stage and break into the maddest cacophony of twaddle since the last national convention of Antivivisectionists, Vegetarians and Fabian Socialists, held in Atlantic City some years ago.

What brings them out in such a rush baffles many a wise man. Some would

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The Continuing Crisis

•"Great Progress" was reported by Red China in the fight against snail fever (schistomsomiasis). On 29 March the peace movement suffered an unanticipated setback when Lt. William Calley, a comparatively unknown dove, was convicted of the premeditated murder of no less than twenty-one civilians at My Lai. If acquitted he had intended to tour the nation, lecturing to Americans on the "brutalities of war." A diapsonal furor arose across the nation as hawks and doves, Republicans and Democrats, registered displeasure at the Army's court-martial. Mr. Nixon promised to review the Army's deliberations, and the President lost favor with the **New York Times**, various presidential contenders, and conscientious intellectuals. Another gentleman of recent fame lost his freedom during April. Mr. Charles Manson was sentenced to death. He is to be gassed and temporarily resides in San Quentin about two cells down from Sirhan B. Sirhan, the Arab freedom fighter.

• On 7 April Mr. Nixon delivered a kind of modernized "firside chat" on Vietnam, promising to increase the American rate of withdrawal and demonstrating that American troop strength by 1 December 1971 would number only about 184,000 (down from 549,500 when he took office). The President lost more favor with the **New York Times**, the pundits found his performance unsatisfactory, and the Democrats asked for an opportunity to oppugn him on the networks. Among those critical was Senator Rupert V. Hartke from Indiana. In the presence of a high school audience he was asked by Mr. Rick Edwards of Spring, Texas how his resolution to end American involvement in Indochina would relate to POWs (ours). The distinguished American solon replied in a relaxed tone, "I don't know what happens to POWs. How do POWs get to be POWs except for having us involved in an undeclared war?" Mr. Edward then exclaimed, "We just can't leave them there" But the Senator replied cooly, "Why not!" The U. S. Census Bureau claimed that illiteracy had declined in the sixties with only one in every one hundred persons fourteen years and older unable to read and write. And a privy in Clayton, Missouri was declared by the Missouri Senate to be a state shrine.

•The hopes of zero population growth advocates slackened this month when, under the pressure of his religious scruples, Mr. Nixon declared that government installations would henceforth follow the abortion laws of the state in which they were located. But prospects for population control brightened when the New York City Police Department announced a thirty per cent increase in the homicide rate during the first part of the year. On the theoretical side, Che Nik Abdul Rahman, 63, a

(Continued on page 30)

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THE ALTERNATIVE May, 1971

America's Number One Male Chauvinist Pig Retains the Title

Patricia Coyne

Norman Mailer keeps up with the times. War to him was an enriching experience in the early 'fifties, physically and psychologically damaging in the early 'seventies. The office of the President was a romantic and idealistic concept in the early 'sixties, work for a "grey old con" in the late 'sixties. Mailer has dabbled in witchcraft and race relations. He has taken side excursions to Alaska and the moon. He once paid tribute to Marilyn Monroe, has since forgotten her. He has, of course, marched.

And the critics, a pretty trendy bunch themselves, are impressed. Mailer refers to himself now in the third person, yet he is neither ruler, editor, nor detached spirit. His prose becomes increasingly ponderous and opaque as his ideas grow simpler and narrower. Yet critics are increasingly willing to think of his prose as art, his ideas as genius. By seeing his every twitch, belch and emotional response invested with universal significance, the critics have allowed Mailer to depart from any sense of proportion.

Mailer's primary agony in **Armies of the Night** seems not to have been the horror of slaughtered humanity in Vietnam, but rather: a) Mailer was afraid of jail; b) he was too fat. Surely it must have occurred to one critic that the thought of Norman Mailer languishing in a jail would inspire almost any police chief to shriek "Get him out of here!" And certainly some critic could have suggested that Norman Mailer consider a diet.

Mailer has become complacent indeed. But very recently his complacency has been disturbed. It has come to him that "his very reputation ... had not only been ambushed, but was apparently being chewed half to death by a squadron of enraged Amazons..." Suddenly Mailer is no longer spokesman for the American avant-garde; rather he is the Number One Male Chauvinist Pig.

Now this is not the sort of treatment Mailer can ignore. To have men attack him has always been discomforting. To have women attacking him is impossible. And they are not only attacking him. They are calling him a reactionary—him! Norman Mailer, Hip-politician. Experimental film-maker. Free-swinging-obscenity-user.

"Prisoner of Sex," Mailer's defense published in **Harper's** has been out but a short while and already controversy rages. **Harper's** owners thought the article was obscene and Willie Morris, **Harper's** editor, has resigned. "Prisoner of Sex" will be made into a book soon, will probably be a best-seller. Yet the article is unstructured, unfocused, well-nigh unreadable and centers on only the most superficial aspects of the Women's Liberation Movement anyway.

Now, if Mailer had any sense he would simply ignore the whole movement. But Mailer must keep up with the times: "There was an idea at the core of Women's Liberation which was fundamentally radical and so could not be ignored unless he were willing to cease thinking of himself as a revolutionary."

And so, to update his revolutionary credentials, he takes the very silliest (in his view revolutionary) ideas that have come out of the movement, the great debate over the variety of ways women achieve sexual satisfaction, for instance, and deals with them seriously. Surely, the way women get their kicks is one of the least pressing concerns of our times, bearing little, if any, relationship to job opportunities, wage scales, or division of labor. Yet Mailer gives the issue the same sort of respect that Tom Wicker gives the kid problem. A dark cloud has appeared on Norman Mailer's sexual horizon. Could all those women all those years have been—oh my God—faking? He thinks about it deeply and decides that no, they could not have been.

Nor as a modern American revolutionary, can Mailer label the shrill, hysterical prose which has emerged from the movement as simply insane. Instead "it read with the tension of an anger profound enough to be kept under the skin. Every point was made with a minimum of words, a mean style, no question of that."

And finally Mailer comes to Kate Millett. "Prisoner of Sex," when it focuses, focuses on **Sexual Politics** and in **Sexual Politics.** Millett has attacked him personally. So Mailer does not think Millett has a very mean style at all. Well, it's mean. But not mean—good. Mean—bad. ("...bury 'em deep in [defecation]. Kate-baby. Kate-baby nods, goes out. A sawed-off shotgun is her tool." Sawed-off shotguns can be perfectly legitimate tools as long as they are not leveled at Norman Mailer.)

Sexual Politics Revisted

A large section of **Sexual Politics** discusses the view of women held by such literary figures as D. H. Lawrence, Henry Miller and Mailer. The work reads like an English doctoral thesis. It was, and an editor rushed it into print before Millett made it anything else. As a doctoral thesis it's perfectly all right. A doctoral thesis must necessarily find a theme, inflate it, twist it, and finally present it as a universal statement thereby justifying the thesis' existence. One writes a doctoral thesis to get a Doctor's degree, not to shape the thinking of society.

But, unlike most doctoral theses, **Sexual Politics** was published, it became a social tract, and as a social tract it is severely flawed. The main weakness, and one that is vital to her statement, is the assumption that the works of D. H. Lawrence, Henry Miller or Norman Mailer either reflect or influence society in general. I personally have never met anyone who acted or thought anything like anyone in any of their works. (This may also be why Millett never mentions Hemingway.)

Mailer, however, is not the most likely person to bring this false assumption to the attention of the public. He's not the person to take on the Women's Liberation Movement at all, because not only does he feel personally threatened by them, but his writing reflects a complete lack of knowledge about womankind in general. Mailer's women are either bitches, intent on destroying their betters (men) or puppets, intent on serving their betters (men).

Which might have been explained as a literary device, except that the same lack of knowledge appears in his nonfiction. And the most interesting thing about "Prisoner of Sex" is that Mailer does not seem to have any idea at all what Millett and the women in back of her are saying. The women of the movement are attempting to set up a society in which the idea of what a woman is can be found outside her role as girlfriend, wife or mother. The more moderate among them are perfectly willing to be girlfriends, wives and mothers as long as they can be something else too, something which, unfortunately, they have not yet been quite able to define. But they still look upon heterosexuality as society's diabolical scheme to induce them into becoming girlfriends, wives and mothers.

But this is a phenomenon which Mailer cannot conceive. Not only can he not imagine women as something other than girlfriends, wives and mothers (not sur-

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prising since no one else can either) he cannot conceive of their even wanting to be.

He can admit, for instance, that Lawrence's view of women is "not far from sinister" because Lawrence's wife "fails to worship his most proud and delicate (sexual apparatus)." Yet he insists that "if Millett had wished to get around Lawrence in the easiest way for the advance of the Liberation she would have done better to have built a monument to him, a bridge."

Now where in Lawrence's works does Mailer think Millett can find the foundation to build monuments or bridges? Lawrence was spectacularly anti-militant-woman.

Mailer can excuse the sexual degradation of women in Henry Miller ("Sometimes he'd stand her on her hands and push her around the room that way, like a wheelbarrow." — a mild example) because in later years Miller has returned "as a prophet and the tablets are in his hands. Put women back in their rightful place." Yet the rightful place that Miller might have in mind for Millett is surely not the one she has for herself, and the idea that Millett might forgive Miller as soon as she is told that Miller does have a rightful place in mind for her is sheer lunacy. Millett is not going to be Henry Miller's wheelbarrow, she certainly isn't going to be his little wife. Mailer, by stretching to the very outer limits of his imagination, might be able to understand that Millett does not want to be a wheelbarrow; but to understand that she does not want to be a wife? There his credulity ends.

Millett, as Mailer indignantly points out, is guilty of ignoring a qualifier here and there, even of occasional distortion. (Again this is fair play in a doctoral thesis where the fact that you can find any backing for your point at all is good enough.) But Millett's point in **Sexual Politics** is that modern literature has not been kind to women, and even with the distortions she makes some telling points. If Mailer is going to talk to the ladies, this treatment of women is something he is going to have to deal with.

And so Mailer has come up with what I can only call, after stumbling over his lumpy prose, his "awe theory." "...it was man's sense of awe before women...which made men his dread of her position one step closer to eternity [Mailerese for being able to have babies] (for in that step were her powers) which make men detest women, revile them, humiliate them, defecate symbolically upon them, do everything to reduce them so one might dare to enter them and take pleasure of them." Presumably he expects the women of the Liberation Movement to reply, "Oh Awe! We had no idea! Let's all go home and make some babies." I suspect it's not going to happen. Awe from the likes of Mailer is an emotion that Millett will be happy to forego and especially if it all stems from her power to be one step closer to eternity.

This, in the end, is what Mailer hates most about the movement—this urge to become a "gestation-free elite." And so he feels called upon to lecture to the women on their reproductive systems. Now, if Millett is willing to listen to Norman Mailer at all, it is certainly not going to be on the matter of her ovum. Yet, Mailer goes on for pages and pages, composing a lively drama about women working all their lives to create the perfect egg, fertilizing it in a glorious blaze of light and then all the little sperms fighting and struggling to get there first. He even has the audacity to suggest that Millett feels "woe" each month when that thing of art and beauty that she has been creating all month "goes down the drain." Millett says she doesn't feel any woe. Mailer says that yes, she does too feel woe. It isn't the sort of debate in which either protagonist emerges awash in the admiration of his fellows.

And, in spite of all this, by the end of "Prisoner of Sex," Mailer seems to think that he has demonstrated himself to be a pretty revolutionary fellow at that. "So let woman be what she would, and what she could be," he says. He lists a string of sexual grotesqueries that women could, for all he cares, take part in. Incidentally, not one of his fantasies are mentioned in the Women's Liberation eight-point program. "Give her freedom to burn and let her burn it or blow, or build it to triumph or collapse." But all that freedom Mailer is willing to lavish, is given in order for her to find a more perfect mate, "that man in a million" have "shattered the pearl of [her] love for pristine and femine will," "give an egg back to nature," and "return with a babe who came from the root of God's desire to go all the way, wherever was that way." Yes, in the end it's back to the kitchen sink and don't expect Norman Mailer to change any diapers.

So there it is. Tickle Kate Millett. She'll blush and giggle with the best of them. Send her a big bouquet of roses. She'll start knitting little things. Mailer won't allow that a whole group of women out there are abhorring the idea of being bedded and having babies. It is just that they have not bumped into Mr. Right.

Mailer quotes D.H. Lawrence:

"And if you're in Scotland and I'm in the Midlands, and I can't put my arms around you, and wrap my legs round you, yet I've got something of you. My soul softly flaps in the little pentecost flame with you like the peace of our f...ing.* We f... a flame into being. Even the flowers are f...ed into being between the sun and the earth. But its a delicate thing, and takes patience and long pause."

An embarrassingly bad piece of prose. Sheer drivel. Yet Mailer asks, "Which case-hardened guerrilla of Women's Liberation might not shed a private tear at the passage?"

Well, the answer is, not a one of them, Sir. Not a single, solitary one.

* The word for which Willie Morris lost his job and over which I would not jeopardize Mr. Tyrrell's swindle. □

Patricia Coyne is from nine to five the mother of four and suffragette and after five the wife of the country's Number Two Male Chauvinist Pig.

WELFARE

George C. Roche III

Anyone acquainted with the welfare nightmare which has developed in American society surely must find the prospect rather depressing. In an effort to relieve a bit of that depression, let me offer the following excerpts from letters written to welfare agencies by welfare applicants. The letters speak most eloquently for themselves:

- "I am forwarding my marriage certificate and six children. I had seven, but one died which was baptized on a half sheet of paper."
- "I am writing to the Welfare Department to say that my baby was born two years old. When do I get my money?"
- "Mrs. Jones has not had any clothes for a year and the clergy has visited her regularly."
- "I cannot get sick pay. I have six children. Can you tell me why?"
- "I am glad to report that my husband who was missing is dead."
- "This is my 8th child. What are you going to do about it?"
- "Please find for certain if my husband is dead. The man I am now living with can't eat or do anything until he knows."
- "I am very much annoyed to find that you have branded my son illiterate. This is a dirty lie. I was married a week before he was born."
- "In answer to your letter, I have given birth to a boy weighing 10 pounds. I hope this is satisfactory."
- "I am forwarding my marriage certificate and my 8 children. One of which is a mistake as you can see."
- "My husband got his project cut off 2 weeks ago and I haven't had any relief since."
- "Unless I get my husband's money pretty soon I will be forced to lead an immortal life."
- "You have changed my boy to a girl — will this make any difference?"
- "I have no children as yet as my husband is a truck driver and works day and night."
- "In accordance with your instructions I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope."
- "I want my money as soon as I can get it. I have been in bed with the doctor for two weeks and he doesn't do me any good. If things don't improve, I will have to send for another doctor."

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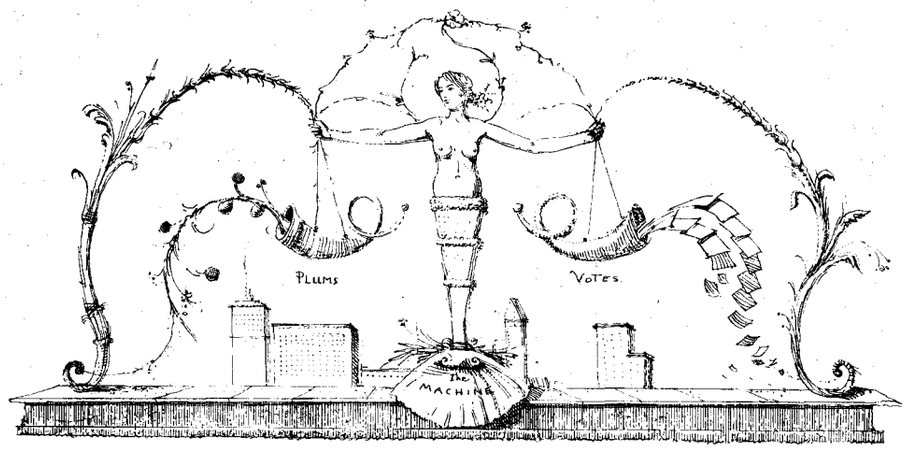

The Mechanical Genius of Mayor Daley

Frank W. Blatchford III

Mayor Daley of Chicago is the last of an almost extinct breed of big city machine mayors.

Curiously too, at the time when Daley's style of governing is supposedly on the way out, more and more urban experts are arguing that big cities are ungovernable. The liberal experience in Cleveland and New York would seem to bear out the theory that big cities are ungovernable at least if the reins of power are turned over to liberal governors.

But Daley doesn't think much of the urban experts. "What the hell do they know about running a city?" he has said. Nobody says that about Dick Daley.

Government in Chicago, in spite of its problems, works, and it works well. In recognition of that, Daley was returned to office on 6 April for a fifth four-year term by a vote of 740,137 to 315,969 (the mayor's was 70.08 compared with 29.92 for his opponent), a victory that one television commentator called "an awesome display of power."

During the campaign Daley's opponent, Richard Emmanuel Friedman, 41, a cool, suave motorcyclist, hot-air balloonist, and very much an independent, presented—with considerable skill—the liberal alternative.

Friedman, connoisseur of fine wines, chess player, mountain climber and liberal extraordinaire had run unsuccessfully for Congress as a Democrat in 1962 and served in appointive posts under a Democratic state treasurer and state attorney general. He came before the G.O.P. slatemakers as an independent seeking the party's nomination, but made it very clear that he was an independent and would remain one. One got the feeling that Friedman almost felt he was lowering himself by running on a party ticket.

Perhaps he would have preferred to run as an independent, but the election laws in Illinois make it next to impossible for an independent to get a place on the ballot.

Friedman envisioned molding a coalition of the city's Republicans, dissident blacks and liberal independents and Democrats to beat the machine. It didn't work because Daley is too smart.

To understand Daley's strength, one must understand his political power and what he has done with that power over the last sixteen years.

Daley's power rests on the machine, over which he exercises absolute control.

the machine makes it so

He does this by holding the two most powerful posts in the city. Not only is he mayor, but he is also chairman of the Cook County Democratic Central Committee. Nobody but Daley knows precisely how many city and county jobs the machine controls, but estimates run to about 35,000.

All of these 35,000 payrollers hold their jobs subject to Daley's approval. He passes on them all, from the lowest mop boy in County Hospital to the most distinguished judges on the Circuit Court bench.

And all the payrollers and appointees know this. Circuit Court judges, wearing Daley buttons, stand in the cold waiting for the mayor to appear at campaign rallies.

Daley knows and controls the machine so well because it has been a major part of his life for almost half a century.

In 1923, at the age of 21, Daley began his long climb up the party hierarchy as a precinct captain in the 11th ward. As is the custom in Chicago politics, when Daley became precinct captain, he jumped on the public payroll. He became a clerk in city hall and he's been on the payroll ever since.

Most of the precinct captains have city jobs and the line between their political and governmental responsibilities is ill-defined, if not invisible. They must turn out the Democratic vote on election day or they'll lose both their jobs. Over the years, they have found the surest way to turn out the vote is to work for their "constituents"—their precinct population—365 days a year.

The machine can get a man a city job, have the dead tree removed from his parkway, give him an extra garbage can, fix his traffic ticket, or make sure he gets his welfare check. These are the kinds of favors upon which election day majorities of ninety to one in some precincts are built.

Such favors build fierce loyalties. Several weeks before the election, a federal judge appointed by the Democrats, ordered the city to release its list of sites for building public housing in white neighborhoods. Publications of the sites caused great howling in the white wards.

A reporter went into a white neighborhood, which was also a Democratic stronghold, and asked a woman if she would still be voting for Daley after the announcement of his housing plan.

"Of course I will," she said. "This thing is a Republican trick."

But the machine means more than an army of payrollers and a few favors for the little guys. If it didn't, it would have died long ago, because the electorate, once largely composed of bewildered immigrants, has become more independent.

a holy trinity

The secret to the success of the Daley machine is the support it has fashioned from labor and business to replace its traditional power base that was grounded in Chicago's huge immigrant population.

Daley grew up in a working class neighborhood, the son of a sheet metal worker. His roots extend deep into the working class and many of his boyhood chums are top-ranking labor leaders in the city today. And Daley has not forgotten them. He has appointed them to crucial jobs on his special committees and on the school board.

Under Daley, Chicago has been remarkably free from long, crippling strikes. Garbagemen and hospital employees don't walk off the job. Teacher and transit strikes don't last long. They are settled in the mayor's office. The unions usually walk away with big wage increases, and industry saves face.

Union men have every reason to be happy under Daley. Unemployment in Chicago is always below the national average, often by a margin of fifty percent.

But in his dealings with labor, Daley has not forgotten the businessman. It is here he has displayed his genius for fashioning an unbeatable machine. His love affair with the captains of industry and business, whose traditional loyalties are Republican, is his greatest accomplishment.

Knowing what made the machine work—the special favor, the fixed ticket—Daley applied the same principles to big business with spectacular results. Here it's not cutting a dead tree, but shaving a few million off the tax assessment of a new downtown office building, or pushing through a highly-sought-after zoning change, or building expressways to carry shoppers and employees into the downtown area.

For the most part, these subtle favors for businessmen benefit the general public as well. For example, tax incentives, although not completely legal, spur the rejuvenation of the downtown area, from which all citizens benefit.

In the works now is a new spur of the downtown subway to serve the fur salons and boutiques of North Michigan Avenue. This is being planned in spite of arguments that the money could be better used to extend service to outlying industrial parks to enable the poor to reach jobs there.

So, when election time rolls around, businessmen, mindful of the hand that

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feeds them, fill the Democratic coffers to overflowing.

Daley services

But there's more to it than favors. Daley also provides superb city services.

It has been argued that Daley sometimes witholds services as a means of bringing opponents into line or punishing them, but at least the services are there to be withheld. In New York City, the mayor often cannot provide adequate services even to his friends. Chicago's services are the best in the nation.

For nine of the last ten years Chicago has been named the cleanest big city in the country. Garbage collection is reliable and efficient. The police force is one of the best in the country and total crime in Chicago declined slightly last year while it rose eleven per cent nationally.

If the streets of Chicago are clean and safe, they are also bright. Daley installed such powerful lights in the alleys that some persons feel it is safer to walk there than on the streets.

In addition, Chicago has one of the finest expressway systems in the country, radiating in all directions from the central Loop district, with transit authority trains running down the median strips.

And the streets are safe to drive on. Traffic deaths per capita in Chicago were the lowest in any big city last year.

The amazing thing about Chicago's services is that Daley has built and expanded them within the confines of a balanced budget. When Daley became mayor in 1955, nine of the twenty largest cities had a higher bond rating then Chicago. Today Chicago's bonds, rated AA, outrank all others.

The encouraging business climate and sound financial management of Daley's administration have resulted in extraordinary prosperity.

Since 1955 there has been a total of $7 billion of public and private construction in Chicago. Last year in the central district alone there was $1.5 billion of private construction underway or announced. Chicago also boasts the world's biggest convention hall and busiest airport. Its economic development is first among the nation's cities. The average family income is thirty per cent above the national average.

But the face of Daley's Chicago is not without its warts.

His critics say Daley is a fine "brick and mortar" mayor, but that he has forgotten the people.

They cite the dismal record of Chicago schools in which graduates from fifty-one of the fifty-seven high schools average per year behind national norms in reading and math.

They cite the failure of the city to stop the stampede of fifty thousand whites per year to the suburbs. It is estimated that by 1985 the city will be seventy-five per cent black and the population of the suburbs will have doubled. There is little integration and much hostility, they argue, with blacks taking over white neighborhoods at the rate of five blocks per day.

They cite the failure of the city to provide public transportation for the working man. Sure, there are plenty of routes leading downtown, but where are the tracks to take ghetto dwellers to jobs in suburban factories? Besides, they say, the spiraling forty-five cent fare, up from twenty-five in 1967, has priced the system out of the reach of the poor.

They cite a failure to build more public housing and lament an urban renewal program which has torn down housing for the poor and left the land vacant or built middle-income high rises.

They cite the soaring property tax rate necessary to support a record city budget, up six and one-half per cent this year to $899 million, and suggest that firing all the political hacks on the payroll would save the city $150 million a year.

And so, over a period of sixteen years the charges against Daley have mounted. All his opponents were invited to join forces behind the Republican-Independent candidacy of Richard Friedman. Friedman said he was for all the people—the blacks, tired of being taken for granted, and the independents and liberals who are tired of machine politics. Friedman carried the torch of reform.

in sickness and in wealth

But might not the cure be worse than the disease?

During his campaign, Friedman tried to sell the liberal alternative, and he, like Lindsay in New York, is an engaging and attractive salesman for that ideology.

Although he denies being like Lindsay, few believe him. He has the style and the verve to provide a classy alternative to plodding, jowled, semi-literate Mayor Daley, whose malapropisms are legendary ("The police are not here to create disorder, they are here to preserve disorder.").

Friedman said he wanted to be mayor of all the people, to face up to the human problems over which Daley's payrollers have run roughshod. It is the same old liberal cliche. The liberals are concerned with people, the conservative with things.

Daley, said Friedman, has concerned himself with skyscrapers, roads, subways, airports, filtration plants and garbage trucks, but he has ignored the people.

It is never explained how a person can build skyscrapers in which people live, roads on which they drive, subways in which they ride, airports from which they fly, filtration plants from which they drink and garbage trucks on which they rely to remove their debris without being concerned primarily with people.

Paddy Bauler and John Lindsay

Daley is not a liberal meddler. He has been content to build a city in which the services can be taken for granted and each individual is free to pursue his own goals with a minimum of interference.

If Daley has fallen down, it has been in precisely those areas—education, housing and racial integration—in which federal meddling has been most blatant.

Daley is the embodiment of the Protestant Ethic. He is a strong family man with seven children boasts impeccable personal morals, and attends mass daily. He came from a poor family and worked to get his law degree in night school. His climb up the ladder of city politics was slow but steady.

Consequently, Daley sees his responsibility as one of providing a healthy city in which others can climb as he has. He doesn't understand the liberal obsession with eliminating poverty by handing out cash or expanding the welfare rolls. Given the opportunity, any good man will make something of his life, he believes.

If Friedman had been elected he would have been without a political power base in the city council, and the city, more likely than not, would have split into warring factions. Until liberals build a sound political base and learn how to use the tools of power, they are doomed to failure in Chicago. John Lindsay will tell you that you can't run a city on style, dash and charisma.

Paddy Bauler, a legendary saloonkeeper alderman in Chicago who is retired, said back in 1955 after Daley's nomination victory, "Chicago ain't ready for reform."

According to the voters, Chicago still ain't ready for reform. Judging by the results, New York and other cities with liberal mayors, liberals who would dismantle the Daley machine would do well to devise first a workable system of governing with which to replace it. It is liberal America, not Daley's America, that cannot govern itself. □

Great American Series

"The atmosphere in Philadelphia has caused sore eyes in many people, including my husband and myself."

Martha Washington
13 April 1794

The Media and the Panthers

David Brudnoy

"Irresponsible" is a word not usually applied in New England to the operations of the **New York Times** and the **Washington Post.** But that charge was leveled against those journals by Harvard professor Edward Jay Epstein in a mid-February issue of the **New Yorker** magazine. Mr. Epstein's article demolished attorney Charles Garry's charges of December, 1969, that the police had murdered twenty-eight Panthers across the nation. Although the **Chicago Tribune** quickly wrote that Garry's charges were false, the media chose to believe Garry. On 7 and 9 December 1969, the **Times** repeated this charge as fact, and the **Post** stated flatly on 9 December that "a total of 28 Panthers died in clashes with the police since 1 January, 1968." Garry's charge then became Truth and was immediately picked up and broadcast across the land.

After an extensive investigation lasting several months, Mr. Epstein showed that the facts were far different from Garry's charge, which the Panthers' lawyer repeated in a book some months later. Epstein found that of the twenty-eight,

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most were killed by other Negroes, not by the police, some in inter-factional fighting — St. Valentine's Day revisited — others in marital squabbles. A few were killed by police after first attacking the police. Perhaps two of the alleged twenty-eight, Epstein concluded, were deliberately murdered by the police. In a democracy of rule by law, even two lynchings are too many. But Epstein showed that the truth is not served by exaggerated charges "that are reported unverified, in the press and in consequence widely believed by the public."

The press reaction to Mr. Epstein's devastating article confirms Agnew's Third Law of Media Dynamics: that is, the Liberal press, with few exceptions, will not print what it doesn't want to believe. The **Washington Post**, to its credit, editorialized an apology for its irresponsibility. "There is no adequate excuse for making this kind of error in the first place and none for failing to pursue the truth behind the phony 'facts,' " the **Post mea-culpaed. The New York Times?** Nothing.

In my city while the **Boston Herald Traveler** editorialized and also reprinted the **New Yorker** article in its entirety, what did the liberal **Boston Globe** do? Except for an article by columnist George Frazier, not a word editorially from the **Globe**, which helped spread Garry's distortion. WGBH? The Boston educational TV channel, which devotes a lot of air time to presentation of the extremist Negro position, had allowed Charles Garry's lie to be broadcast on various occasions. Since the appearance of Epstein's article, WGBH has not seen fit to rectify the situation. The other TV channels hereabouts have likewise been silent.

Mr. Garry confronted Professor Epstein on David Frost's television program recently. Infuriated, outraged, shocked, dismayed—all the predictable reactions—Mr. Garry could do little but sputter that Epstein was a tool of the CIA, an agent of the FBI, a "congenital liar." Garry denied having written the book which appears with his name as author; he denied—and here's the beautiful part—that it made any difference whether twenty-eight or two were killed. We used to call that sort of nonsense "McCarthyism" back in the days when the senator from Wisconsin was waving his little lists in the air, those lists with the names of fifty-one, thirty-six and eighteen Communists known to be in the State Department. We used to cry "foul" at Joe McCarthy's tactic. We were right to do so then.

Where is the hue and cry from the friends of Pantherism now? Where is their outrage about McCarthyism in defense of Panthers? Is McCarthyism of the left more acceptable than old-style McCarthyism?

The story doesn't end there, with deafening silence from the Liberal media. The facts are that exposés of the falsehood passed off by Garry as true appeared long ago, fourteen months, to be exact. But these exposés appeared not in an establishment journal like the **New Yorker.** They appeared in **Human Events,** the leading weekly conservative journal. On 17 January 1970, **Human Events** columnist, Victor Riesel, debunked the charges. Later in January, 1970, the journal observed that Garry's list boiled down to so few that there was no way the deaths could be construed as a police conspiracy. On 18 July, **Human Events** columnist, James Jackson Kilpatrick, explained that the twenty-eight victims dwindled down to the Hampton-Clark shootings in Chicago the previous December. Where was the comment then?

The national conservative youth organization, Young Americans for Freedom, followed up the **Human Events** stories and published several articles refuting Garry's charges. Where was the comment then? It took an article in **New Yorker** last month to elicit a retraction from the **Washington Post.** Agnew's Fourth Law of Media Dynamics was verified too: if Liberals listen to anybody, they listen only to other Liberals.

What this episode reveals, aside from the fact that we must henceforth be very skeptical about swallowing propaganda about white "genocide" of Negroes, is that we must pay more heed to those like the Vice President who have long correctly pointed out the grave problems in America's distorted media dissemination of the news. □

Recorded Live at Williamsburg

Mr. Agnew Gets Friendly with the Press, Then...

James R. Dickenson

Vice President Agnew's political future as No. 2 man on the Republican national ticket next year is probably shakier than it was a few weeks ago.

President Nixon is reportedly—for the first time in his Administration—displeased with his Vice President. And Mr. Agnew is open to charges of undermining the President's policy of easing relations with Communist China.

This turn of events grew out of the Vice President's relations with the press, which have consistently resembled those of the cobra and the mongoose, and are now at an all-time low. The Vice President is portrayed as more furious with the press than he has ever been, and the press' attitude toward him ranges from incredulity to hilarity.

At issue is the clutch of news stories that came out of the spring meeting of the Republican Governors' Association in Williamsburg, otherwise a prosy little gathering, the stories concerned Mr. Agnew's reported misgivings about the Administration's emerging China policy. The Vice President was also concerned, according to these accounts, about the press coverage of the U. S. Ping-Pong team's visit to the Chinese mainland. He feared that it added up to a propaganda coup for the Chinese Communists, which could have the effect of undercutting U. S. support for Nationalist China.

The irony is that these developments stemmed from a genuine attempt by Mr. Agnew to narrow the gulf between him and the press. His remarks about China weren't new. He had reportedly expressed his views in National Security Council meetings and in private meetings with the Republican governors here. The news lay in the public reports that the Vice President, one of the most politically loyal of men, disagreed with his chief on such an important and sensitive issue. A detailed examination of the incident provides an insight into the political perils of dealing with a nosy, gossiping, insatiably curious, competitive and enterprising press.

It started when Mr. Agnew's press secretary, Victor Gold, asked a group of nine reporters to meet with the Vice President to have a friendly drink and exchange views. The organizations represented were the major wire services, Associated Press and United Press International; the Gannet papers; Scripps-Howard newspapers; the **Washington Star**; the **Baltimore Sun**; the **Chicago Tribune**; **The Richmond Times-Dispatch**; and **Newsday**.

The time was unusual; the group gathered at 12:30 a.m. Monday, 19 April, and broke up at 3:30 a.m. At least one reporter was awakened from a slumber. Since Mr. Agnew left the Governors' Conference the following day, the time of the meeting suggested that it had not been planned in advance and was a rush job to get it in while he was still in Williamsburg. A couple of the participants were not on the original list; they were included just because they happened to be in the hotel lobby with some of the chosen.

The meeting began with Mr. Gold setting the ground rules: off-the-record. In the Byzantine twistings of Washington press ground rules, off-the-record means nothing can be written or printed about the conversations by those present. After small talk, Mr. Agnew brought up the subject of China and the group pursued this for about an hour.

They spent more time, however, in a genuinely spirited and friendly give-and-take about the Vice President's problems with the press.

They finished up by discussing his 1972 prospects: his spot on the ticket had not been decided, he said, and he wouldn't go on if he would hurt Mr. Nixon's re-election prospects. Drinks were served, but Mr. Agnew had only a cold bottle of beer, fetched by Secret Service agents, and the meeting broke up with him repeating the ground rules—off-the-record. As they left, the Vice President jocularly predicted that he would probably see something about the discussion in print in "about six months" or so. One of the reporters, an old hand in

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Washington, assured Mr. Agnew that it would probably be considerably sooner than that.

The reporter knew his Washington press corps better than did the Vice President; Mr. Agnew's calculation was off by about 5 months, 29 days and 12 hours, give or take a little. Some of those present told their close friends about the meeting at breakfast a few hours later. A good share of the press knew of it and its general gist by noon Monday.

Most of the press managed to ferret out the story, motly in bits and pieces picked up second, third, fourth and fifth hand; for the most part the participants were understandably reluctant to talk. But enough of them did tell bits and pieces to their close friends, which was enough to let the story out. These friends, in turn, told their friends in order to save them from getting beat on a story that was obviously going public.

The story also quickly spread around Washington early Monday because the participating newsmen called their offices to inform their editors of the late-night meeting, its substance and its off-the-record status. The editors, also gossips, managed to spread the word to their counterparts in organizations which did not have reporters attending the meeting. Soon those editors were phoning their reporters in Williamsburg demanding that the reporters find out what happened at the meeting.

The first published account appeared Monday afternoon in the late editions of the **St. Louis Post-Dispatch**, whose enterprising political reporter, Tom Ottenad, had nailed the story down early. So had the **Los Angeles Times'** Jules Witcover and David Kraslow. The Associated Press bureau in St. Louis picked up the **Post-Dispatch** story and transmitted it to papers across the country; the **Los Angeles Times-Washington Post** wire service on its daily schedule notified its newspaper clients that the story—optimistically billed as "exclusive"—was on its way.

The Catch-22 of the ground rules for off-the-record conversations is that they bind only those present; other reporters, by long tradition, are free to ignore the rules. The Associated Press, for instance, had its top political reporter at the meeting but, bound by the rules, he couldn't write a line about it and could only stand by helplessly as the AP transmitted the **Post-Dispatch** story.

Several of the participating reporters were under severe pressure from their editors to go ahead and write the story after it became public, but all refused; they appealed to Mr. Gold to lift the ground rules, but the Vice President, embarrassed and furious by this time, refused. Some did the second best thing. They interviewed some of the governors to whom Mr. Agnew had expressed the same sentiments and quoted them in their stories.

By the end of the working day Monday, slightly more than twelve hours after the meeting adjourned, just about everyone in the press in Williamsburg had written something on the meeting—except, of course, the nine participants who to this day haven't written a word about their meeting with the Vice President. Mr. Witcover later sported a sardonic press badge that read: "Free the Williamsburg Nine."

There was little disagreement—or denial—about what the Vice President said. There was a lot of speculation, however, on the reason he said it. Some participants argue that he is concerned about the propaganda harvest Communist China reaped from its Ping-pong diplomacy, and, being an honest and direct man, Mr. Agnew expressed it candidly. Others are convinced that Mr. Agnew believes he has his own constituency of conservative Republicans and that this was his way of reassuring them that the Administration was not abandoning Nationalist China. A corollary of this speculation is that Mr. Agnew fears being dumped from the ticket in 1972 and is firing up this constituency in self-defense.

Still another theory, held by a Machiavellian school, holds that Mr. Agnew does nothing without the permission of President Nixon and that Mr. Agnew's statements are Mr. Nixon's assurance to supporters of Nationalist China that he is not abandoning it.

The first school of speculation would appear to have the edge in this debate; two days after the ruckus the Administration let it be known that the President was unhappy with Mr. Agnew's criticism of a new policy in which Mr. Nixon reportedly takes great pride.

For his part the Vice President can only nurse these new wounds inflicted by the media and speculate about why the participating newsmen would leak a story that finally put them at a disadvantage. It's a good question, and best answered by the suggestion that the news business exists in part because of a powerful human urge to tell what you know, particularly if you're in the know. The professional and congenital needs of newsmen to know what's happening makes them possibly the worst gossips of all. There were ties of long friendship at work last week and—few can doubt it—a willingness on the part of some to embarrass a man who has been exceptionally antagonistic to the press. Those not invited had their own obvious motive to get the story.

Mr. Agnew could speculate on one other thing: the rule of thumb that, in Washington, particularly, if you don't want something known, you just don't tell anyone. Not even your wife.

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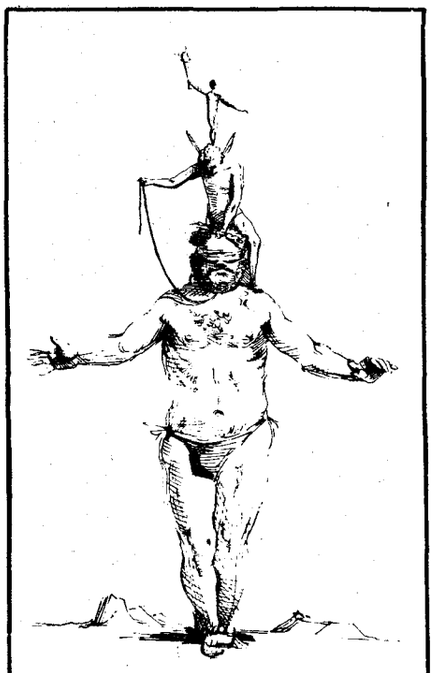

The Public, the Press and the Intellectual Elite

Flip Wilson the Traditionalist

Jay Parker

Whether you're talking to the lady who works part-time at Sears or TV critic Harry Harris, you are guaranteed to evoke excitement when discussing Clever Clerow, better known as Flip Wilson.

A middle-aged woman who works part-time for one of the Sears department stores in Philadelphia, was asked what night she would like to have off. Her instant reply was "Thursday of course, Flip Wilson is on." TV critic Harry Harris and others have named Flip Wilson "Comic of the Year." Legions of Americans, black and white, have rearranged their schedules to make it possible to view Flip.

In this observer's opinion, Flip Wilson is the greatest entertainment phenomenon since the aborted "Amos and Andy" radio and television show, and rivals it in popularity. According to the **New York Daily News** radio and TV critic Ben Gross, "Amos and Andy" changed everyone's life-style during its run. Critic Gross recalls that before the advent of the transistor radio one could hear the "Amos and Andy" show while strolling down the streets of any American city. Gross said just about all homes would have their windows up and the show turned up in volume.

There is sufficient empirical evidence to demonstrate Flip's near-equal popularity. The "Flip Wilson Show" had, at the start of 1971, garnered a 27.1 per cent "AA" (average viewing) national rating and an astounding 42 per cent "share" which means that of every 100 homes tuned to television nationally, 42 per cent were zeroed in on Flip and his outrageously comic characters: the Rev. Leroy, hustler Pastor of the Church of What's Happening Now; or Freddie Johnson, raunchy bachelor who can't keep his hands off the girls; or the fiercely independent, shrill-voiced, aggressive and sexy Geraldine Jones. In terms of free market place success, Flip Wilson's Show is raking in the dough. Far and away the No. 1 new show of the season, the price for a minute of time on it was $45,000 when it premiered. In the early fall, the price was raised to $50,000 and on 19 October to $60,000. On 18 November the price was increased to $65,000, making it the most expensive show on the NBC-TV network.

The man responsible for this success read everything he could on comedy and comedians, studying the professional

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comics from the time he was a youngster. He learned then that it took fifteen years for most of them to become successful funnymen. Flip says, "I'm a story-teller rather than a comedian, because story-tellers last longer." Flip contends that he is a host and that he is not limited to acts or routines, as were some other blacks who had their own shows but couldn't make it because, as Wilson puts it, "They weren't equipped." By this he means that "they were out of their bags as hosts." Blacks have been successful in dramatic and situation comedy shows—such as Bill Cosby and Diahann Carroll—but Leslie Uggams, Sammy Davis, Jr., and the late Nat King Cole didn't last as hosts of TV variety shows. Clerow (Flip) Wilson, who may well be the first black comic in modern times to reintroduce black ethnic humor in a raffish, self-assured way, realizes that he is black, but is convinced that his show will succeed or fail on its (and his) own merits.

Flip Wilson's appearance on the scene is especially significant during this impossible period of hand wringing, teeth gnashing and greening of America. Flip is in the tradition of the hard-working American who has made it and will continue to succeed because he has staying power.

Visibly, Flip is a fantastic traditionalist. When one views Flip, the first thing seen, apart from the boyish grin, is his "hustler" haircut of the early fifties which apparently means a lot to him. If it did not mean a lot surely he would have succumbed to the pressure of the fads, which are so enormous on public figures. Consider the new look of "peace" cheerleader Sammy Davis, Jr., who abandoned his lacquered looking process for the "fro." Dresswise, Flip did not go the route of the Nehru suit and the Mao jacket like so many others.

Consistent with his appearance, Flip has maintained all the mannerisms of the post-war era. Those who were "hanging around" on the corners of south Philadelphia during the late forties and early fifties recall this period vividly when Flip is on the stage. One need only take note of his walk and especially his greetings, both verbal and non-verbal, as when he appears to throw a shoulder into the one he is greeting. Of course the "give me five" routine is recognized by all sports buffs.

Flip has also bucked the pressures to conform by doing the unpopular. He had the nerve or the courage, depending upon your point of view, to do a series of National Guard commercials and public service announcements on radio and TV, at a time when it was not in his best interest according to some "crazies" and "moderates."

There are some who wrestle with Flip Wilson's "degree of blackness." They fear that Flip is not joining swelling ranks of those who call themselves "Black" regardless of pigmentation. These are the same persons who are upset because Flip Wilson does not appear to be one of "the 'lost' children of the diaspora who will be gathering their pride and power about them and coming home again."

Flip means a lot to all Americans—young or old; black, white or plaid. Those of us who remember, say that Flip Wilson is the greatest since Amos and Andy. Surely Flip has brought us together. □

Jay Parker is Director of Community Affairs and Special Projects for the Young Americans for Freedom in Washington, D.C. He is also the Director of YAF's Speakers' Bureau and a member of Negro Airmen International.

Relevant Editorial Contest Award

CONGRATULATIONS!

On behalf of the Saturday Evening Club I wish to congratulate not one but two winners in our "Relevant Editorial Contest." Both Dennis James Fitzgerald of Miami, Florida and George H. Nash III of Cambridge, Massachusetts correctly identified H. L. Mencken, the distinguished political scientist, as the author of April's editorial which first appeared in the June, 1929 issue of his popular journal **The American Mercury**. As Mr. Fitzgerald's entry was dated earlier than Mr. Nash's our distinguished panel of pundits and merry-makers has awarded the Saturday Evening Club's scholarship to Mr. Fitzgerald. But as Mr. Nash displayed such a profound knowledge of the early literature of political science, and as M. Stanton Evans has certified him as a gentleman of the top chop, we are awarding him a free "Evening on the Town with R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., Our East Coast Bureau Chief, and the Harvard Bad Boys." The town may be any town in Massachusetts where English is spoken, where roads and bridges are well marked, and where bartenders with political opinions have taken the vow of silence.

Garrison Traffingwell, B.A. and A.B.
Director of Such Activities

The Problem of National Defense in a Free Society

David Friedman

National defense has traditionally been regarded, even by believers in severely limited government, as a fundamental function of government. To understand why, one must understand the economic concept of a "public good," and the difficulties in financing a public good without coercion.

A public good is an economic good which, by its nature, cannot be provided separately to each individual, but must be provided to the public as a whole. A simple example is the control of a river whose flooding injures the land of many farmers. There is no way that an entrepreneur proposing to build a dam can protect only those farmers who agree to pay for the dam. Thus, an individual farmer may refuse to pay.

This is the traditional problem of the public good. It is a problem because if there are enough such farmers, who reason that it is in their self-interest not to contribute to construction of the dam, the dam will not be built, even though the combined value to all the farmers is more than the cost of building the dam.

In our society, the usual solution is to use government force—taxation—to make those benefited (and others) pay for the dam. The trouble with this solution, aside from moral objections to the use of force, is that the dam may be produced even when its value is less than its cost. The government has no market mechanism for measuring the value of the dam. And since government decisions are made on political grounds, the government may choose to ignore cost and value entirely. Thus, in practice, public dams are often built even when their return on capital, including all nonmonetary benefits assumed to result, is below the return on alternative investments.

There are also several market solutions to the problem of providing a public good. For instance, the entrepreneur might estimate how much the dam is worth to each farmer, draw up a contract obligating each farmer to pay that amount on condition that every other farmer agrees to pay his share, and circulate it. Each farmer knows that, if he refuses to sign, the dam won't be built, since the contract has to be unanimous. It is, therefore, in his interest to sign.

The larger the public for a given public good, the harder it is to successfully arrange such a unanimous contract. The larger the difference between the value of the good and its price, on the other hand, the easier the entrepreneur's job. He can leave a generous margin for error by charging each farmer less than the dam is probably worth to him, and still raise enough money.

Another way to provide a public good without coercion is by temporarily converting it into a private good. The entrepreneur could do this by purchasing most of the land in the valley before telling anyone that he is thinking of building a dam. He can then build the dam and resell the land at a higher price, since the dam raises the land's value. The rise in value of the land measures the total benefit from the dam. If it is much larger than the cost of the dam, the entrepreneur makes a profit. There may be a few farmers who

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refuse to sell, but as long as the entrepreneur owns most of the land, he receives most of the benefit.

How does all this apply to national defense? Is it a public good? Can it be financed without coercion?

Some contemporary anarchists argue that national defense can be provided or not provided for each individual, or at least each small group. One form of this argument is the assertion that national defense is unnecessary in an anarchist society, since there is no nation to defend. Unfortunately, there will still be nations to defend against—unless we postpone the abolition of our government until anarchy is universal. Defense against nations, in the present state of military technology, is a public good. It is all very well to fantasize about fighting the invader village by village, commune by commune or corporation by corporation, according to the dreamer's particular brand of anarchy. A serious invader would inform each unit that if it resisted, or failed to pay tribute, it would be destroyed with a nuclear weapon. After the invader demonstrated that he was serious, the local citizenry would be eager to create the institutions, voluntary or otherwise, necessary to give the invader what he wanted.

So, pending major technological change, defense against nations must be provided on a large enough scale to support retaliatory, and perhaps also defensive, nuclear forces. This makes it difficult to sell national defense on the free market. An ABM fired at a missile a thousand miles from its target cannot distinguish between warheads aimed at those who have paid for defense and warheads aimed at those who haven't. Even if defense is retaliatory, and even if the retaliatory system is secure enough to hold its fire until it knows whether its customers have been hit, the problem remains. The citizens of New York, having paid their share of defense costs, can hardly look with equanimity on the H-bombing of Philadelphia which has contributed not a penny. Not, at least, if the wind is blowing north.

So, national defense—defense against foreign aggression—must defend areas of national size, whether or not they contain nations. It is thus a public good, and one with a very large public.

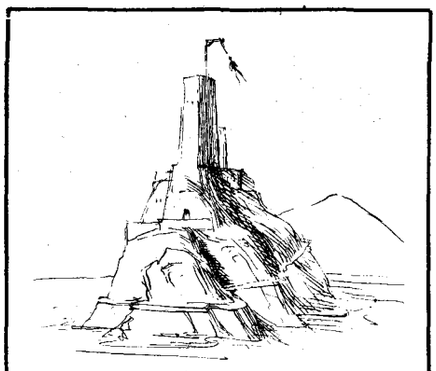
Can it be financed by some variant of *one of the noncoercive methods I have* discussed? It is not obvious how.

national defense in a free society: tentative solutions

The problem might be simplified by being subdivided. Groups much smaller than our present population might be able to create defense organizations and finance them voluntarily. It would be in their interest to do so if such groups could defend themselves. Once such organizations existed, hundreds of them could combine via unanimous contracts to defend areas of national or even continental size. One could imagine an alternate history in which, as military technology developed, such voluntary governments evolved, just as coercive governments evolved in our history.

But, in the present worlds, small groups cannot defend themselves. There is thus no incentive for them to develop voluntary arrangements to finance defense.

Paradoxically enough, a solution to this problem of developing institutions which provide defense without the state might be provided by the state itself. Suppose that, over the next fifty years, private institutions gradually take over all governmental functions except defense. The state, without control of local institutions, might find the cost of collecting taxes substantial, and might thus be tempted to raise money in the manner of the French monarchy—by selling tax exemptions. It could offer to exempt any community from taxation in exchange for either a capital sum or payment. Such tax exemption would itself be a public good (defense, via bribery, from one's own state) for the community. Since the collection costs of taxation are high, the value of tax exemption is greater than its cost. Thus, the members of the community might find it in their interest to set up an organization designed to pay off the state. It could be financed voluntarily by one of the ways of financing public goods which I have described. It would probably pay an annual fee instead of a lump sum in order to make sure the state stayed bought.



East European Architecture

Suppose that over a period of time many or most communities developed such institutions. There would then exist a group of organizations, voluntarily funded (either by the interest on a capital endowment or by contractual agreements to pay on the part of members of the community) and charged with the task of "defending" their communities. These organizations could then contract with each other to take over from the existing state the job of financing and providing national defense.

Thus, one solution to the problem of national defense is the development for some related purpose of local defense organizations. These must be organizations permanently endowed for the purpose of providing defense; they cannot simply be local firms with an interest in the protection of their territory since such firms, having agreed to pay part of the cost of national defense, would be driven out of business by new competitors who had not. This is the problem, for example, with Morris and Linda Tannahill's idea of financing national defense through an insurance company, or companies, which would insure customers against injury by foreign states, and finance national defense out of the money saved by defending the customers.

Such an insurance company, in order to pay the cost of defense, would have to charge rates higher than the real risk, assuming the existence of its defense system justified. Since people living in the geographical area defended would be protected whether or not they were insured by it, it would be in their interest either not to be insured or to be insured by a different company, one which did not have to bear the burden of paying for defenses and could, therefore, charge lower rates. The national defense insurance company would lose all its customers and go bankrupt, just as it would if it were simply selling national defense directly—to individual customers who would be defended whether or not they paid.

While local "national defense" organizations must, therefore, be endowed, they might evolve in ways other than those I have described. For instance, existing insurance companies would receive a capital windfall at the time an adequate national protection system was first constructed, since outstanding policies which had been sold, at high rates, under high risk conditions, could be paid off under low risk conditions. They could use this windfall (which comes only from policies already written and thus represents only that small part of the benefit of defense which accrues in the near future to those already insured) to "endow" national defense. Such an endowment would not be sufficient to pay all the costs of national defense, unless it becomes far cheaper than it now is, but it might cover some of them.

There are some ways in which part of the cost might be paid. Charities exist for the purpose of financing public goods. However much some libertarians may object to them on philosophical grounds, they currently collect billions of dollars a year. There is no reason why national defense should not be partly financed by charitable contributions. Historically it has been; in time of war people often donate money, labor and weapons, and purchase war bonds for more than their market value in order to help pay the cost of defense.

While national defense is primarily a public good, there are parts of it which can be sold separately to individuals or groups. Foreign states would probably treat a national defense agency as government with respect to such matters as passports and extradition treaties. It could get some income by selling passports, arranging to extradite criminals from foreign countries at the request of local protection agencies and similar enterprises.

In addition, there would be some areas which a national defense agency would have the option of defending or not defending. Hawaii, to take an extreme example, could, if necessary, be excluded from the nuclear umbrella covering the mainland. Communities on the edges of the defended area, although necessarily protected from nuclear attack by any national defense system, could go to those individuals and corporations in such an

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area who had the most to gain from being defended (large landholders, insurance agencies and the like) and inform them that they would have to pay a price for defense.

In all these ways, a national defense agency might raise enough money to finance national defense without taxation. Obviously, a system which depends on local agencies evolved for a different purpose, or a ramshackle system financed by charity, passport sales and threats to Hawaiian insurance companies, is economically very imperfect. So is a system financed by coercion. Fortunately, since the cost of a satisfactory national defense is much less than its value, a solution may be imperfect and still be satisfactory. □

Student Unrest... The Search for Values

Allan C. Brownfeld

It has been said that the "generation gap" is an exaggeration. This may be the case on one level, for when we discuss the attitudes of the "young" we generally refer not to the majority of those below the age of twenty-five, but only to that small percentage of affluent young people residing on college campuses. There is not only a gap between this group of students and their parents but there is an equal and perhaps greater gap between them and their own contemporaries who have not gone to college. This consideration aside, however, the fact remains that a real "gap" does exist.

The generation gap we do have is perhaps the key to understanding today's youthful rebellion and student unrest. Though all of us young, middle-aged and old live in the mid-twentieth century, only the young —those who have come of age since the conclusion of World War II—are truly of this period. Those who lived through the Depression or through World War II have been frozen by the dramatic and intense experience of those days.

The Southern writer, Walter Hines Page, wrote this with regard to the generation which lived during the Civil War in the South: "It (the Civil War) gave every one of them the intensest experience of his life and ever afterwards he referred every other experience to this. Thus it stopped the thought of most of them as an earthquake stops a lock. The fierce blow of battle paralyzed the mind. Their speech was the vocabulary of war...they were dead men, most of them, moving among the living as ghosts; and yet, as ghosts in a play, they held the stage."

So it is with today's young who are, in a sense, frozen with the dramatic and intense experience of these days. They do not relate the upheavals of today with the past. They know no past except through the books most of them do not read. They live in the present and wonder what future they may hope for in so transient and unstable a world. If there is a generation gap it is of this nature. The generations need interpreters to understand one another and there are few.

in days of yore

A young man growing up in Europe one or two hundred years ago would have faced a situation in which the major decisions in his life were pre-ordained. More than likely, he would have been born in the same house in which his father had been born, almost surely in the same town. He would pursue the same vocation as did his father. If his father were a tailor or butcher, the son would also live his life in this manner. His marriage would be arranged. His own range of choice was very slight. Life was circumscribed by religious faith and communal custom. The individual was part of the community, of the group. His reponsibility was more that of playing out his role than grasping life as a horseman at the reigns and riding in whatever direction he willed.

Today man's situation is far different. Young Americans have almost unlimited choices with regard to career, location, marriage and other basic elements of lifestyle. Certainly there are restrictions. The draft claims two years out of the lives of many young men. Some start life in humbler surroundings than others. Yet, on the whole, the young man or woman coming of age in America at this time has perhaps a greater freedom to choose his pattern of living than any individual in history.

Freedom to choose, however, becomes a very difficult task when no one provides any knowledge about the basis upon which such choices may beneficially be made. At one time the family, the school and the church spent a good deal of time pointing young people in particular directions which they considered to be valid and time-tested. Today the family is in a state of disarray, the school pursues a "value-free" curriculum and the church being swept away in the modern tide of relativism—doubts its own message.

Not too long ago **The New Yorker** featured a cartoon in which one Priest said to another: "I would not be so presumptuous as to tell the congregation what was right and what was wrong." In one of the most important volumes advocating the new variety of Protestant theology, **The Secular City**, Professor Harvey Cox of the Havard Divinity School notes that man in the modern world is no longer concerned with what theologian Paul Tillich called the "ultimate questions," namely those concerning life, death and meaning.

Cox declares "...they are obviously not questions which occur to everyone, or indeed to the vast majority of the people. They do not disturb the newly-emergent urban-secular man very frequently. They arise, in fact, not from the structure of existence at all but from the erosion of inherited world views and cultural meanings...We have found technopolitan man to be pragmatic and profane."

Cox urges the modern church to turn away from metaphysical questions. Instead, he argues, it should enter the social and political arena: "...in secular society politics does what metaphysics once did. It brings unity and meaning to human life and thought. In today's world, we unify the various scholarly and scientific specialties by focusing them on specific human issues...Theology today must be that reflection-in-action by which the church finds out what this politician God is up to and moves into work along with him. In the epoch of the secular city, politics replaces metaphysics as the language of theology."

Harvey Cox's insights into the nature of the modern world and of modern man should by no means be deprecated; he has, indeed, broken much new ground. But too much of his advice has been taken at face value. Too many churches have turned their backs upon the metaphysical questions which he says that man is no longer asking, and have become political. It is proper to be concerned about open housing, the war in Vietnam, hunger and poverty. But man has a spiritual nature which must be nourished, and this spirituality has been virtually ignored.

What many young people are seeking is a perspective on life which is no longer presented by the traditional institutions. The mood of modern religion was captured by Evelyn Waugh when he wrote in Brideshead Revisited: "I had no religion. I was taken to church weekly as a child, and at school attended chapel daily, but, as though in compensation, from the time I went to my public school I was excused from church on the holidays. The view implicit in my education was that the basic narrative of Christianity had long been exposed as myth, and that opinion was now divided as to whether its ethical teaching was of present value, a division in which the main weight went against it; religion was a hobby which some people professed and others did not. At best it was slightly ornamental; at worst; it was the province of 'complexes' and 'inhibitions'—catchwords of the decade—and of the intolerance, hypocrisy and sheer stupidity attributed to it for centuries. No one ever suggested to me that these quaint observances expressed a coherent philosophic system and intransigent historical claims..."

The student protest movement is asking the very "ultimate questions" to which Tillich referred and which modern theologians say have disappeared. Where they will find answers to such questions in what they view as a materialistic and dehumanized age is difficult to say.

touch me where...

Describing this spiritual vacuum and spiritual search, the English poet, Stephen Spendor, wrote **The Year of The Young Rebels**: "They are not primarily concerned with seizing power, and it is difficult to see how they could be, unless they

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were to merge their identity as students into some longer term revolutionary movement. They do not consider the aim of their revolution to be victory over the current establishment, followed by the setting up of a dictatorship...Their revolutionary idea is...moral passion. The essential is that they regard the society against which they are rebelling as intolerable to their sense of life, for which 'spontaneity,' 'participation,' etc. are the names...What is most significant about the students' revolution is that it is directed against all existing forms of industrial society."

Professor Theodore Roszak also expresses the view that those who declared that "God is dead" and that young people were no longer concerned with spiritual questions were wrong. In fact, a basic element in student protest is the rejection of society, rather than one of traditional values.

In his important study, **The Making Of a Counter-Culture**, Roszak points out that "...we may have been decidedly wrong in what we long expected to follow the death of the Christian God; namely, a thoroughly secularized, thoroughly positivistic culture, dismal and spiritless in its obsession with technological prowess. That was the world Aldous Huxley foresaw in the 1930s when he wrote **Brave New World.** But in the 1950s, as Huxley detected the rising spirit of a new generation, his utopian image brightened to the forecast he offers us in **Island,** where a non-violent culture elaborated out of Buddhism and psychedelic drugs prevails. It was as if he had suddenly seen the possibility emerge: what lay beyond the Christian era and 'wasteland' that was its immediate successor might be a new, eclectic religious revival. Which is precisely what confronts us now as one of the massive facts of the counter-culture. The dissenting young have indeed got religion..."

If one scans the underground press, one is apt to find their pages swarming with Christ and the prophets, Zen, Sufism, Hinduism, primitive shamanism, theosophy and the Left-Handed Tantra. Professor Roszak states that "...their number grows and the counter-culture makes a generous place for them. No anti-war demonstration would be complete without a hirsuite, be-cowbelled contingent of holy men, bearing hoss sticks and intoning the Hare Krishna."

Much of the questioning from young people, not only in the spiritual and ethical field but in other fields, is good. Many existing standards and values do, indeed, need criticism. For too long society has accepted the idea that through government, all problems could be solved. Young people did not live through the optimistic days of the New Deal when many believed that if you created enough government agencies and spent enough federal money, all problems—poverty, social inequality, poor housing or whatever—could be solved. They are beneficiaries only of the results.

vision through a file cabinet

As many of them see it, our government has become bureaucratically inert and unresponsive to the needs of the people. What is more, it has become coercive. It compels workers to pay unwanted social security; it even compels Americans under penalty of fine and jail to answer personal questions on census forms.

Young people see that such coercion has not solved our problems but has, in many respects, compounded them. They also are concerned with the university, where most of them are now students. They have seen students become the least important commodity at the university as government and private foundations lure professors into writing and research projects.

It must be remembered that there are many legitimate grievances with regard to the university and the educational process. Irving Kristol has noted that ". . .in the overwhelming majority of universities liberal education is extinct." In **The Academic Revolution,** Christopher Jencks and David Riesman point out that this revolution began at the end of World War II when the demand for higher education began to grow with explosive speed. The complexity of the mass technological society required many more university-trained specialists. As a result, a diploma became an almost indispensable document. The role of the academician rose in prestige, leading to a change in the university.

Harper's Magazine editor, John Fischer, has remarked about the nature of this change: "...the professoriat soon began to reshape the university to serve its own desires rather than those of the students or their parents. For one thing teachers today are doing less and less teaching. Jencks and Riesman note that 'until World War II even senior scholars at leading universities did a good deal of what they defined as scut work; teaching small groups of lower level students, reading papers and examinations and the like. . .Today, however, few well-known scholars teach more than six hours a week, and in leading universities many bargain for less. . .the routine problems of mass higher education have therefore fallen by default to graduate students.'. . .Research, of course, is what he had better be committed to, for that alone pays off in money and reputation. It doesn't have to be significant research. Much of it, at least in the social sciences and humanities tends to resemble finger exercises for the piano. It is not concerned with answering real questions or solving real problems."

What disturbs many students, therefore, is the fact that their own education has suffered. No longer are students considered the most vital part of a university. Mr. Fischer places much of the student restlessness in this perspective: "I believe it is the beginning of a counter-revolution by students—liberal arts undergraduates in particular—against a quiet, almost unremarked revolution which has changed the whole structure of American higher education within the last two or three decades. The main beneficiaries of that revolution were the faculty. The victims were the liberal arts undergraduates. Only recently have these students begun to understand how they are victimized—and their protest is likely to swell at least until some of the results of the earlier revolution are reversed."

While many young people are asking all the valid and important questions to which

". . . Sweden—where government plays a major role, yet remains handmaiden of the people." **Paul Samuelson—Newsweek**

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we have alluded, the fact remains that there is a serious dichotomy between the leaders of the New Left—the Tom Haydens, the Jerry Rubins, the Rennie Davises—and the young people who form the core of the movement—the ones who attend protests and demonstrations, the ones who, in the privacy of their own contemplation, feel depressed and disillusioned and wonder what the future may hold.

The leaders are, in many instances, at least ten years older than the followers. More important, they are professionals. Leading protests is often all they do. Many of them have the wild gleam in their eyes—for them the "revolution" is more of a personal obsession than a public necessity.

Great American Series

"Uh . . . well . . . like . . . what I mean to say is . . . uh . . . ya know . . . man?"

Peter Fonda

"Like they're killing peeople I mean ya know?"

Jane Fonda

We have, of course, seen this before. Revolutionary leaders have always managed to gather followers not by promising them tyranny, but by associating themselves with the deepest aspirations of the group they seek to use.

Lenin promised the Russian people bread, peace and land, not Communism. Castro promised the Cubans constitutional democracy, not Communism. Mao Tse-tung promised the Chinese agrarian reform, not Communism. Yet, once in power, the promises were forgotten and the revolutionary leaders proceeded with their long-established blueprint. Likewise, the New Left leaders promise college students alcohol and girls in dormitory rooms, an end to the draft and a "purpose" for life, namely the liberation of the "oppressed." It sounds good and noble, and the requisite support has been forthcoming.

The fact that young people have many valid questions does not diminish the danger of many of the activities, leaders and organizations which have in many instances been blindly entered by students who were not aware of the long-run implications of their actions.

the beauty of the bomb

Many of the leaders of such militant organizations as Students for a Democratic Society do not hesitate to support the use of violence. A leaflet prepared in Toronto, Canada and distributed in early 1968 to S. D. S. chapters throughout the country contains instructions on how to make Molotov cocktails and incendiary time bombs. Urging sabotage as "the next logical step toward obstruction and disruption of the U.S. war machine," the leaflet says that it is ludicrous to think that demonstrations closing down induction centers for a few hours will really hurt Selective Service.

"On the other hand," the leaflet says, "is there anyone who doubts that a small home-made incendiary device with a timing mechanism planted in a broom closet at the Oakland induction center could result in fire and smoke damage to the entire building, thus making it unusable for weeks or months? One person with a fair knowledge of chemistry could build such a device easily and cheaply and could plant it with almost no chance of being detected."

Since those early days the nation has witnessed a mounting campaign of domestic violence. A physics student was killed as a bomb exploded at the University of Wisconsin, and the United States Capitol itself was shaken by a blast allegedly planted by militant antiwar groups. S. D. S. spokesman, Steve Weissman, feels the time for rational discourse has ended and the time for violence has arrived: "What the University has done is to get us to think for a number of years that social problems can be solved by rational discussion... There's no conversation between us and the C. I. A. We're on different sides. I hope people will now see that force is a part of the world."

The majority of those who advocate violence either to change the system or to improve it are unaware of the historical consequences of violent upheavals. George Bernard Shaw wrote that "Revolution never lightens the burden of tyranny, it simply shifts it from one shoulder to another." That violence is the solution to our current difficulties is, observing the historical record, very unlikely.

Crusades which initially seek to throw off the fetters of an old order have simply replaced them with new fetters. The French Revolution led to the Reign of Terror, the Russian Revolution to Stalin, the Chinese Revolution to Mao Tse-tung. The tyrannies which follow violent revolutions have been infinitely more brutal than the autocracies they replaced. The New Left's advocacy of violence is, however, not its only danger. Its blindness to totalitarianism and its hostility to the traditional American concept of free speech is of equal significance.

Many in the New Left are intolerant of viewpoints other than their own. In his **A Critique of Pure Tolerance**, Professor Herbert Marcuse states that people who are confused about politics really don't know how to use freedom of speech correctly; they turn it into "an instrument for absolving servitude," so "that which is radically evil now appears as good." Having established this premise, Marcuse recommends "the withdrawal of toleration of speech and assembly from groups which promote aggressive policies, armament, chauvinism, racial and religious discrimination or which oppose the extension of public services."

For him, the correct political attitude is one of "intolerance against movements from the right and toleration of movements from the left." The practical result of such a philosophy was seen when former Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara had to enter a police wagon to avoid crowds at Harvard, when Henry Cabot Lodge was not permitted to speak at Stanford, when students charged the podium at Brown University as General Earle Wheeler spoke, and when New York Times editor James Reston was unable to finish his talk at New York University.

A student strike at the University of California brought a significant statement from Charles Susskind, a professor of electrical engineering and a man who had seen at first hand how in the thirties the Nazis created "political universities" in Germany. He said the New Left at Berkeley reminded him very much of "the young Nazis of the thirties."

An example of the disregard for the totalitarian nature of Communism may be found in the proceedings of the Students for a Democratic Society, largest of the New Left organizations. This group included in its 1962 Port Huron statement a denunciation of "colonialism, communism, and anti-communism." In 1965 it eliminated from its constitution clauses barring "advocates and apologists of totalitarianism" and opposing "authoritarianism of both communism and the domestic right." Such provisions, they explained, were "negative and exclusionary" and "smacked of red baiting."

As a result many communists have flocked to the ranks of S. D. S. Commenting on the group's last real convention, **The New Republic** observed that the Progressive Labor Party—the Peking-oriented Communist organization—"is heavily represented within S. D. S. because the party sees S. D. S. as a recruiting ground for new members." It noted that at the convention P. L. delegates "continually pushed the idea that students should ally with the traditional working class in a common 'struggle' against the ruling class."

Student unrest is complex and difficult to understand. On the one hand, there are many honest young people with valid grievances, asking important questions. On the other hand, there are disingenuous leaders attempting to use this idealism for their own ends—many of which are totalitarian and dedicated to the destruction of American society.

It is essential that young people be made aware of the real nature and intentions of the New Left activitists. It is also essential that society show some concern for their valid grievances. This generation must come to grips with a complicated world, and all of us must plan for a future in which our traditional view of the dignity of man, free speech and orderly procedure will be maintained.

Great American Series

We did not choose to be the guardians at the gate, but there is no one else."

Lyndon Johnson

College administrators and legislators who condemn all young people for the excesses of a few simply compound the problem. Those who are willing to accept the excesses, as many college administrators seem surprisingly willing to do, are doing themselves and the society a disservice. No one should offer a podium or audience to those who have committed violent acts. But no grievances which students wish to discuss peacefully should

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be considered out of the bounds of discourse.

Society, however, must defend itself from those who advocate its destructions. If society will not defend itself, if the university will not defend itself, it is an indication that the S. D. S. and other revolutionaries are right, that America has lost the will to endure, that the intellectual community believes nothing is worth preserving. Hopefully, this is not the case. □

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Who, Me?

The Case Against the Draft

Arnold Steinberg

Given a choice between the draft and a volunteer military, most Americans would accept only one justification for the draft—that there is no alternative. Last year the President's Commission on an All-Volunteer Armed Force (the Gates Commission) completed detailed studies and confirmed what military manpower experts have long proposed—that the alternative of an all-volunteer force is feasible and desirable.

The draft has been rarely used in the United States, and never used during peacetime until the period following World War II. Although most troops in the Civil War were volunteers, the draft was still used. It necessitated the suspension of **habeas corpus** following draft protests, and its overall effect was compromised by exemption, commutation and substitution.

During part of World War I draftees were used, and contrary to the earliest American tradition of home militias, draftees were used in combat outside the United States. The supply of volunteers was stifled because military compensation and allowances remained unchanged and no enlistment bounties were introduced.

The use of conscription during World War II underutilized various groups, including Negroes, who were discriminated against, and farmers, who were deferred. The use of furloughs, permitting soldiers to collect double pay while working in a factory, induced adequate volunteers.

The draft has always been alien to American tradition. Despite fashionable interpretations of a few court decisions, its constitutionality has never been settled. The constitution gave the federal government the power to raise armies, but if this could be done without conscription, there is no reason to assume that conscription is sanctioned by the constitution.

The most persistent charactistic of the draft, the few times it has been utilized in American history, and virtually all the time in the history of other nations, is that conscription represents a hidden tax-in-kind. Consider conscripts and draft-induced volunteers (as opposed to true volunteers) who would not join the military at present levels of compensation unless they were coerced into joining. The difference between the level of compensation they receive and the level which would induce them to volunteer represents a hidden tax. This discriminatory tax is borne only by those men who render compulsory service.

Any society unwilling to tax its members to finance the military resorts to this immortal alternative—coercing some men into the military, forcing them to bear this tax-in-kind (a tax on their labor). Because the manpower pool (healthy men within a given age group who are mentally qualified for service) has usually substantially exceeded military requirements, deferments have been a convenient way to exclude a large share of this pool. The result is that the poor and black bear the primary burden of this tax.

Ironically, the Ritualistic Liberal who opposes the voluntary military charges that it would create a poor man's army; yet statistics indicate that we actually have a poor man's army (including military families on public assistance and food stamps). As long as first-term recruits are paid less than the federal minimum wage, anti-military ritualists who prate against a volunteer military and poverty clearly contradict themselves.

Although Ritualistic Liberals also charge that blacks would compromise a disproportionate share of the volunteer military, studies indicate that the percentage of blacks in the military would not significantly change. One wonders why these Liberals would deny this avenue of opportunity and higher wages to blacks. One Gates Commission researcher estimated, only partially tongue-in-cheek, that if black recruits were paid twenty per cent less than their white counterparts, the military's racial composition would precisely reflect that of society.

Because most of the military is composed of true volunteers (considering the number of men who re-enlist after their initial term), the need is for enough volunteers per year to maintain forces at effective strength. Pay increases which would more than double the direct compensation of a first-term recruit would entice adequate volunteers.

The volunteer military would also increase the percentage of the military in effective status as opposed to training status (men being trained or training others).

The present system requires training—at considerable cost—of large numbers of men for periods ranging from four to seven months; most of these men serve in the military only for the remainder of a two-year term. By increasing the average length of service of a soldier, efficiency will increase. In fact, volunteers tend to be more productive than conscripts, and a change from conscription to all-volunteer forces would necessarily mean a more efficient military.

Currently the draftee is expendable—not merely in combat but in any task. Although, some Ritualistic Liberals charge a volunteer military would create a caste system, the present system is a caste system, with first-term recruits, especially draftees, in one caste, and higher-ranking officers in another.

Any system with unlimited manpower supplied at absurdly low rates is not merely inefficient and unresponsive to change, but it has no incentive to meet the needs of the first-term recruit. One result, partially produced by such a system, is the disgraceful casualty and death rates in combat in Vietnam. Officers are required to serve a tour of duty in Vietnam to be considered for promotion, and they spend six months on a combat tour, then are replaced by another officer. Hence conscripts are denied the proper and experienced leadership to which they are morally and practically entitled in combat. Although, this argument is a favorite of anti-war types, Vietnam war supporters in the Pentagon have privately criticized the poor leadership provided to draftees in combat.

Perhaps the most interesting observation on the volunteer military debate is that the objections of most Ritualistic Liberals, as indicated earlier, are reasons for a volunteer military. One hears talk of military intervention and coups which would follow the end of a "citizen's army"—but all the historical studies of the Gates Commission demonstrate a high correlation between military influence (including coups) and conscription. In other words, a volunteer military would not preclude civilian control, but has always tended to correlate with it; totalitarian regimes have always depended on conscription.

The present system is discriminatory and unfair, wasteful and inefficient. The bureaucratic selective service system, costly and arbitrary as it is, disrupts the lives of millions of young Americans. Its uncertainties cause some to attend college who should not be there. In altering the career or marriage plans of others, as well as its distortion of higher education, the draft incurs real costs for society which are incalcuable. Conscription encourages the use of manpower in wars where air and naval power should be more heavily utilized.

The alternative, at a net cost estimated reliably at between two and four billion dollars, would restore the voluntary tradition of military service which has characterized nearly the entire history of the United States. It would result in a more professional, efficient and effective military force—response to both our national security and to the precious Western value of individual freedom. □

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Yea, You

Who Needs Philosophy?

John Avey

Those of you who have spent the last few years in a cave or in a Trappist monastery may not be aware of a popular pastime that has swept America. . .well, not swept it, but brushed it thoroughly ever since the war in Vietnam became an issue.

The pastime is called Metaphysical Polticial One-Up-Manship or, as it is known among its friends—of whom I am one of the staunchest—"Moralism: the Game the Whole Family Can Play."

The rules are quite simple. Two or more can play and it can be played anywhere: at parties, in bed, in classrooms, on the beach, in public forums or at private dinners.

Someone—anyone, it really doesn't matter, but those of us who like to see the game well-played prefer that it be a Liberal or leftist radical—someone, at any rate, starts an argument about the Vietnam war. There are numerous ploys ("Corruption in Saigon" is one of the most well-known) to be thrown into the argument from time to time until a Certified Public Liberal says: "But the war is immoral!"

Then the fun begins. Shouting, moaning, hand-clasping (your own hands—no time for funny stuff yet) and schreeches of agony descend upon the unfortunate conservative who is the victim. He has to stand there and listen to the rest of the players scream at him about the immorality of it all. Violence is immoral, you know, and war is, after all, violence. . .or is it the other way around?. . .yes, that's it. . .war is immoral and violence is, after all, war, and. . .you know. . .

There is only one rule governing the game after this point has been reached. At no time must anyone ask: "What do you mean by immoral?" That sort of thing simply isn't done, old man. It leads to thinking and reason and examination of basic premises and God help us all ...philosophy.

Yes, Virginia, there is philosophy, and although you don't hear much from her these days, you can bet your subscription to National Review that she is alive and kicking. And she has good reason to kick. Young conservatives have forgotten her. They have allowed the Libs and the Leftists and the Crazies to take the moral high ground in every debate. And that, brothers and teachers, is why we are losing. Not the war in Vietnam, but the war of the mind, the war fought every day, everywhere you go, in and out of the classroom.

Conservatives have made the mistake of fighting their intellectual enemies on ground chosen by the enemy. The enemy isn't concerned with the "what" of things, but the "how" of things; he does not care that a word like "immoral" is meaningless unless placed in some kind of philosophical context. It is enough for him that the word gets results. It puts conservatives on the defense immediately (it is the most difficult thing in the world to prove to someone that you are **not** immoral) and begs the question: **what system of morality are you using to make the judgment that the war is immoral?**

Try asking that to a practitioner of moralism. In all probability, the Lib will fall back on some variation of Moral Relativism, a system that ceased to have any sort of intellectual respectability among the honest liberal intellectuals the moment the Nazis began murdering the Jews during the late 'thirties and early 'forties (I am convinced that it never had any respectablility, but this is my day to practice charity). How can anyone now say that morality is a private affair and that one man's whims are not to be judged immoral by the whims of another? By that standard, no one could point to, say, Heinrich Himmler and say what he did was immoral. All a moral relativist can say is: "Himmler happened to think killing Jews was good. I do not agree. But I can't make any moral judgment on his action." In short, moral idiocy.

All of this is to introduce an idea: we are in a war and it is war of philosophy. The battles of the war are fought in many areas: in the classroom, in the media, in politics. But essentially the war is always the same: it is a war for the mind.

Conservatives cannot run around prattling about the eternal verities and basic principles until they have intellectually grasped just what those words mean and how they can be intellectually articulated to certain Libs who, for all their faults, show signs every now and then of wanting to join in a discussion instead of a verbal lynching.

May I make two suggestions concerning the ways in which conservatives can begin their philosophical renaissance, especially on campus?

The first is to ask a subdued liberal professor (one who doesn't foam at the mouth or hide under the desk when, say, Mr. Agnew is mentioned) to include as part of the required reading a small book, **The Public Philosophy.** It was written in 1955 and is available (or was available; I haven't seen it lately) in a Mentor paperback edition. It is a lucid, scholarly, intellectually challenging examination of the idea of natural law in Western society. It calls for a rediscovery of what the author calls "the public philosophy"—"the premise of the institutions of Western society."

Now for the shocker. The author . . . Russell Kirk? No . . . William F. Buckley? No . . . James Burnham . . . it's got to be Burnham...wrong again. Are you ready? Walter Lippmann.

That's right, that man, the bete noire of conservatives for lo, these many years. And that, as we used to say on Broadway is the beauty part. Here is a book urging that the Western liberal intellectuals revive the idea of natural law that has been the philosophical foundation of Western society for over two thousand years. And the author of the book is a Liberal of the blood royal, indeed, he is liberalism incarnate. Ah, the delicious irony of it all!

It is not an easy book. It is not, I fear, in parts a particularly readable one. Lippmann is not, say, Leo Strauss, and his argument is not as strong as it might be. But it can serve as an opening to the Right in your classroom. The usual reaction on the part of Liberals when natural law is mentioned is to claim that natural law is wholly connected with Roman Catholic doctrine (it isn't), is outdated (when?), is irrelevant (according to what standards of relevance, prithee?) and is, anyhow, not considered to be intellectually respectable (why?).

My next suggestion is to borrow from the left the "study group" technique. Surely you all remember those good old "Marxist Study Groups"? Well, why not conservative study groups? No conservative group on campus should be considered serious unless it has at least one evening a week set aside for serious discussion of philosophical problems, and that means going back to Burke and all the rest of the heavy hitters. Forget about what the Libs call relevance. Philosophy is the basic relevance. □

Some Veterans Weren't in Washington

Michael McCollum

It recently became apparent that the news media were going to undertake the patriotic task of reporting on the post-military activities of our Vietnam veterans. Being a Vietnam veteran myself, I looked to the occasion with great anticipation expecting to find out what my old friends from "the war" were up to these days. I must admit, however, that I was a bit skeptical of their intentions because of my memories of the way the courageous reporters covered our actions in combat.

But, being an eternal optimist, I gathered my wife and daughter around the TV, in a spirit of reunion on the evening of the first TV report. I half expected to see Roger Mudd interviewing my old buddy, Frank, who is now working and raising his family in Alaska.

The first report was quite a disappointment. The coverage was limited to the less than one-tenth of one per cent who, due to some apparent personal tragedy, had gone insane. They were in Washington for some sort of reunion or possibly to be near those in the government with similar problems and beliefs. At any rate, it was not a total disappointment because none of my old friends were present and it was good to know that they had survived, psychologically.

After watching subsequent reports, however, it became apparent that the

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media were going to report on only these poor devils. It seems to me to be a grave injustice to these veterans who so obviously were suffering from mental instability. So complete was their psychosis that many had lost all shame and seemed to thrive on the exposure. It was also a disservice to us remaining veterans because no attempt was made to find out how many of these crazy people were really veterans. Since the report was filmed in Washington I imagine that it would be very easy for some of the local citizenry to mingle with these veterans, thus inflating their size.

By the end of the week I knew that the news media were up to their old tricks and if I wanted to find out what the majority of the Vietnam veterans were doing I'd have to find out on my own.

Using the latest statistical techniques—carrier pigeons, telephone taps, peeping toms, a classified number of informers and "reliable sources"—I compiled a survey of what veterans were doing last week. For the benefit of other veterans who might be interested, I shall include some of the more pertinent results.

Confirming the rumors that military indoctrinaton has many dangerous long-range effects it was found that most veterans took baths last week, many polished their shoes and some got haircuts. Almost sixty-five per cent were married, and many of them had at least one child. Most of them reportedly loved their wives, though some loved other persons' wives. Some were divorced and a few were named as correspondents in divorce cases. As to their views on Vietnam, many didn't plan to vacation there this summer, while a few planned to send their in-laws and fifteen per cent were still taking penicillin.

Only a miniscule proportion of them reported that they had demonstrated, though a smaller number reported that they sold vacuum cleaners door-to-door. Most had just paid their federal income taxes. Many had full-time jobs, five per cent "were looking," about twenty per cent were in college, a few were in jail and about one per cent is presumably insane.

This should provide some insight into what the majority of the veterans are presently up to. I realize that the news media will be sick when they find that they have been "scooped," as this is the type of information on which they all survive when the crazy people aren't in town.

Having been "scooped" though, maybe now they will be forced to report the dull stories about the veterans who are proud to have served and have returned to society to lead normal, productive lives. It seems a shame for the media to stoop so low, but they must keep busy. Can you imagine a more pitiful sight than Walter Cronkite and Eric Severeid in an unemployment line?

□

Isn't it Pretty to Think So?

Islands in the Stream

by Ernest Hemingway
Scribners, $10.00

Critical fops like Christopher Ricks (in the **New York Review of Books**) had prepared me for a bad book, and Hemingway had never written a bad book. Even **Across the River and Into the Trees**, Hemingway's worst, was far better than what the competition produced.

But the fops were wrong again. **Islands in the Stream** is a first-rate piece of writing.

Islands is actually a trilogy consisting of three loosely related novels—**Bimini, Cuba, At Sea**—unified by the character of Thomas Hudson, a painter.

Each novel shows a mature Hemingway doing the things he does best better than he ever did them before. The dialogue between Hudson and Honest Lil the whore as they sit drinking in Havana's Floridita Bar, is as good as any of the exchanges between Brett Ashley and Jake Barnes. But the conversations in **Bimini** between Hudson and his friend Roger Davis even top the wisecrackingly profound dialogue from the trout-fishing interlude in **The Sun Also Rises**—a dialogue I've always regarded as the single best piece of writing in American literature. (No writer, American or otherwise, has ever touched Hemingway's ability to write sustained dialogue. Period.)

There's a terrific fight scene (Christopher Ricks choked on it—it was so violent) in which Davis, throwing perfect economical punches, demolishes a drunken boor of a tourist, and an hilarious scene set in Mr. Bobby's bar in which Hudson and Davis outrage a group of yachtsmen by pretending to get the boys drunk. Running through this scene, as well as many of the others, is something we've never seen before—Hemingway making fun of himself and of the exaggerated self-image he created, that neanderthal-man image sketched out by Lillian Ross in her **New Yorker** hatchet-job profile. (And it's this image, of course, which the more gullible of the boobs—Christopher Ricks, for instance, buy unquestionably.) "It would be nice to be like what they think," reflects Hudson, a sensitive man understanding the satisfaction and ease of those who are not very sensitive.

Other things: that remarkable ability to describe, so that we know exactly where his house is, what it looks like, how his boat handles; the ability, shared by no other contemporary writer, to record sensory impressions—how it feels to land a perfect six-inch punch, how a good cold drink on a hot day tastes: "Thomas Hudson took a sip of the ice-cold drink that tasted of the fresh green lime juice mixed with the tasteless coconut water that was still so much more full-bodied than any charged water, strong with the real Gordon's gin that made it alive to his tongue....and all of it tautened by the bitters that gave it color. It tastes as good as a drawing sail feels, he thought. It is a hell of a good drink." Hemingway never fails to make me thirsty. I remember once reading **The Sun Also Rises** and trying to match the characters drink for drink. I feel that way now. Forgive my typewriter if it begins to stagger.)

Islands in the Stream is flawed, of course, for it is unfinished. The things I mention above are instances of Hemingway's talent. In terms of craftsmanship, there are deficiencies. And this would not have pleased Hemingway. ("How can anyone think that you can neglect and despise, or have contempt for craftsmanship...There is no substitute for it, Thomas Hudson thought.") I tend to think that had he had time, Hemingway probably would have redone the ending of **Bimini** and worked the last two novels into one. But there wasn't time, of course, for when he found himself unable to do the work which made his life meaningful, Hemingway shot himself. But although **Islands** is technically flawed, the old talent is there. And as novelist Robie Macauley wrote in the best review of the novel: "How much better than a monument it is to publish, nine years after your death, a book much finer than any of the young contenders can write."

the twenties ended in 1960

Islands set something off in me, something I'd almost forgotten about. A few months ago I wrote a piece for **The Alternative** in which I tried to define what it was that set my generation—the one that grew up in the fifties—so far apart from the generation that produced the New Left. It wasn't a satisfactory job, and I didn't know why, until very recently, when a friend in Washington, an alumnus of the same period, told me why. We **weren't** products of the fifties. We came out of the twenties and thirties, the last legitimate heirs of the Fitzgerald-Hemingway period. The twenties, my friend explained, ended in 1960. And he was right.

It's hard to try to explain why writers like Hemingway were so important during that period, for similar relationships don't exist today. But every so often, a

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generation has the good fortune to live in a period when things fit together, when literature, for instance, is intimately bound up with life. The relationship is an intricate one in which art—and in this case specifically literature—both shapes and reflects your values and life style. This, of course, is what accounts for great literature and great societies, and the minute you hear a gaggle of academic critics begin to say something like the novel is dead, you can bet that your society has become a fractured one. And one in which, once the necessary interrelationships are no longer possible, no first-rate literature will be produced. This does not mean that certain periods are too complex to give rise to literature. It simply means that in certain periods people become so caught up in the transient topical concerns of the day that they lose sight of the essentials, confuse the trivial with the significant. In such periods great literature is not possible, for great literature is about values, and in times such as the one we live in now, people cannot remember what values are.

Hemingway knew and he taught us. He knew what life was about. You begin with a head full of slush, as did, for instance, the characters in **The Sun Also Rises**, and the process of living, if it is to be a meaningful process, consists of clearing out that slush, narrowing things down. In the background, of course, is always a vague awareness of how it should be : "Enjoying living was learning to get your money's worth and knowing you had it," says Jake Barnes. But the problem was, of course, how to get there. Jake and the other characters of **The Sun Also Rises** never quite made it. Thomas Hudson did. "Out of all the things you could not have there were some that you could have and one of those was to know when you were happy and to enjoy all of it while it was there and it was good."

Thomas Hudson—and Hemingway—had made the full trip. You begin, perhaps, by making a list of those things which are most important in life. If you're eighteen you may put down as many as fifty items, and you must try them all, for this is what it's all about, working your life down to manageable units after you've tasted everything. Then, in your thirties, you make that list again, and this time, if you've learned anything at all, there'll be about a dozen entries. It's through this winnowing process that one experiences and appreciates the fullness of life. Jake Barnes' list was a long one. Frederic Henry, walking out into the rain at the end of **A Farewell to Arms**, had a much shorter list (and does it strike anyone as significant that **Love Story**, a sort of classic-comics version of **Farewell to Arms**, has so surprisingly caught on among the urchins of this generation?), and Robert Jordan, the hero of **For Whom the Bell Tolls**, having done the job expected to him, volunteers at the end of the novel to die. Jordan had had his money's worth and he was happy. The list was finally reduced to one item, by far the most important one.

It is this winnowing down process which forms the pattern for the body of Hemingway's works. And the whole pattern is repeated in **Islands in the Stream**. Work and pleasure, life and death, related in the same way. Hudson knows that the single most important thing in life is to do something and do it well and take pride in it. How alien an idea today. Yet how important, for without work there is no pleasure, "You see," says Thomas Hudson of the cook Eddy, one of the most consistently admirable characters in **Islands**, "Eddy's happy because he does something well and does it every day." Eddy cooks well and takes pride in it, just as Hudson paints well and takes pride in it (and, of course, just as Hemingway wrote well and took pride in it).

If anything characterized Hemingway's life (and the life of his best characters) it was a sense of fierce joyousness. Sure, he drank like a fish and womanized. But he had earned the right to do so, and his understanding of the dignity of work allowed him to understand the joy of play. It was a hard lesson for many of us to learn, the crucial difference between celebration and dissipation. Some of us still too easily forget that without meaningful work, only the latter is possible.

Some of the other things—taste and sense, honesty and courage—were the only standards Hemingway ever demanded. And he demanded them of women just as much as men. As my suffragette wife points out, Kate Millett and her militant sisters steer clear of Hemingway, for in no sense (though he is perhaps the most masculine of our writers) could he be thought of as a male chauvinist. That whole business would have been about thirty-fifth on the list, crossed off long ago. The women in Hemingway's novels are judged only by how well they meet the few important standards. Lady Brett was a bigger and fuller character than any of the others in **The Sun Also Rises**; Frances Clyne, Robert Cohn's mistress, was a bitch, but only because she found herself stuck with an imitation man. Catherine Barkley in **A Farewell to Arms** is the stronger of the two lovers, and although Maria is not well-done in **For Whom the Bell Tolls**, Pilar is one of the great figures in literature.

But there's already too much flapdoodle abroad about men vs women. Hemingway was concerned with essentials, and especially that last item on the list. This is not to suggest that he was, as the dons forever blabble, morbidly preoccupied with death. It is to say, however, that he knew it was there and wasn't afraid to face it. Life is to death as work is to pleasure. Pleasure is valuable when you work well; death is meaningful only when you live well. Otherwise, it's a rather tasteless cosmic joke. Hudson lays dying at the end of **At Sea**, shot up in ambush. He'd known the ambush was there, but he felt it necessary to carry out his mission. And so he accepted the challenge, won, and was rewarded with the right kind of death. He could have avoided it all, I suppose, lived a few more years, and then died of lung cancer. But it's rather important not to live out a cowardly life.

It's time to stop. I've said only part of it. Hemingway taught us something, back in those days when it was still possible to learn from literature. An he reinforced the lesson by the way in which he practiced his art. Each novel is a tangible example of all those intangible but real values he represented. **Islands in the Stream** brought much of this back to me. I wish, of course, that he had been around to revise the novel, to make it as perfect as he would have been able to. And I also wish that his own life hadn't ended quite in the way it did. The perfect chance came in that plane crash in Africa. Hemingway somehow survived, but he probably shouldn't have. His time had come and he was cheated out of the kind of death he deserved. I admire the courage it took to commit suicide and I think it was proper. He could no longer work, pleasure was no longer possible, and had he hung on much longer he would have become a vegetable.

Still, I wish it could have been different. In the best short story Ray Bradbury ever wrote, he had a character in a time machine disguised as a Land Rover drive to Ketchum, Idaho, where Hemingway shot himself. The traveller picked up Hemingway and drove him back in time to Africa, where he dies on Kilimanjaro.

It would have been right. Yet somewhere, I suppose, Hemingway is getting a big chuckle out of the whole idea, thinking perhaps, of the last line of **The Sun Also Rises**, the best last line in American literature: "Isn't it pretty to think so."

John R. Coyne Jr.

The First Great President in the Last Great War

Roosevelt: The Soldier of Freedom

by James MacGregor Burns
Harocourt, Brace,
Janovich, $10.00

Writing the history of a controversial public figure in a tumultuous era is a hazardous endeavor made all the riskier when the historian is himself something of a public figure in his own troubled time. Franklin D. Roosevelt possessed almost an impregnable character; only a very confident historian would attempt to penetrate its workings during World War II, what with the shifting political terrain of that era, the animosities he aroused, the devotion he inspired.

It must have been difficult for James MacGregor Burns, an erstwhile political activist, to write **Roosevelt: The Soldier of Freedom** during the sixties—a time which belied some of the wisdom of the New Deal without ushering in a more satisfying politics. The last decade has experienced the triumph of Rooseveltian liberalism in every sphere of American life. Yet the denouement has been bitterness and frustration. During the Eisenhower calm of the fifties, Burns could write a political

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biography (**Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox**) which was first-rate. Writing in the sixties was not so easy for a Rooseveltian liberal.

In the early years of the sixties, John F. Kennedy restored Roosevelt's graceful ethos to the White House. In the middle years a genuine son of the New Deal, Lyndon B. Johnson, wheeled a surprising array of restyled New Deal legislation through Congress. Working the old Rooseveltian coalition and adroitly unbalancing budgets, he even followed his master's example in foreign policy with the Tonkin Gulf incident of 1964—an affair with a surprising likeness to Roosevelt's naval tactics in the North Atlantic in 1941. Yet the supposed recipients of all that welfare legislation, and those liberals who have made liberalism a fetish, ambushed him. In the later sixties, everything began to come apart, and has been coming apart ever since.

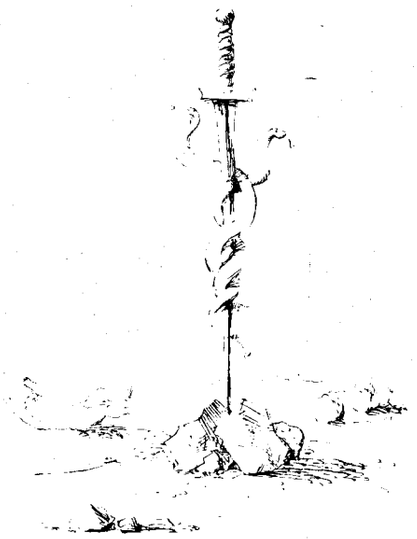
Johnson's legislation was unsatisfying and the tergiversations of the intellectuals exiled him to the Pedernales. Today that very White House which Roosevelt made into a cathedral of hope is for Richard M. Nixon an embattled bunker, from which he gingerly attempts to deal with Roosevelt's enraged constituents. Though Nixon has brought forth programs that the New Dealers could only have dreamed of, and his legislation has been more innovative than anything since Roosevelt's first hundred days of 1933, the ethnics snarl, students urge his impeachment, blue-collar workers follow their own muse, and the intellectuals—men who praised Roosevelt's idealism while recommending his pragmatism—deride Nixon's unsuitable moral vision while adjudging him politically devious. The elements of that constellation of interest groups which has for forty years received government's extraordinary attention is tearing itself apart. Any man who has—like Burns—grown up wise in the convictions of the New Deal, run for office on its principles (Burns ran for Congress), and lectured on politics in the academy, would have to be insulated not to feel disoriented by its sudden disesteem.

Burns is an excellent writer and a talented historian, but his active public life has not left him well insulated. He has had to overcome both a bewildering past and a disconcerting present, and the confusions in his narrative manifest his frustration. The author's theme is sound enough. Roosevelt, he writes, entered the war years with a divided mind. This is an extension of a theme from the author's earlier volume and deserves elaboration for many of the problems of the period, 1940-45, trace to FDR's divided conscience. In fact, the best explanation of the Cold War's origins (Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., "Origins of the Cold War," **Foreign Affairs**, October 1967) builds from a similar position.

Roosevelt was always crossed by contradictions. The education of an aristocrat does not often anticipate the experience of a politician. Roosevelt's patrician upbringing was secure and obviously quite special. From the eminence of Hyde Park, a young man living at the turn of the century came to view the world with assuredness, optimism and a vague sense of suzerainty. Roosevelt's teachers inculcated self-righteousness, didacticism and a strong sense of what early Americans called "Republican virtue." Persons of his background needed not trouble themselves with introspection, for their thoughts were high-toned.

Yet when Roosevelt the proctor of the public interest ventured down into the grubby world of politics, he immediately learned that if he were to survive he had best put aside his moralism and pursue power. Unpleasant experiences at Harvard made him ambitious and disdainful of tradition. His desire for power encouraged a cunning which complemented his neglect for punctilio. All these qualities rushed him along in the political undercurrent of the twenties—an undercurrent which became the wave of the thirties, cresting with the New Deal, the modern liberal state characterized by enormous concentration of power, insouciance to tradition, ephemeral but potent moral concerns. Roosevelt's growth is a kind of Burkean nightmare, and it is little wonder Burns finds him complicated and contradictory. Unfortunately such complications and contradictions have blurred the vision of an historian who is himself unclear as to the soundest means of statecraft. Long portions of this six-hundred-page book simply sprawl.

It is **Federalist Ten** which raises most poignantly for Americans the questions of whether politicians should be "Representatives, whose enlightened views and virtuous sentiments render them superior to local prejudices" or merely obliging voices for passing majorities. Should Americans in 1940 have elected Roosevelt for his mind or his mouth? James Madison would answer that citizens should have elected him for his "enlightened views." Burns does not seem to have an answer—though the question nags him. Early in his narrative Burns celebrates the virtuosity of FDR's opportunism. As the German menace grows and FDR awaits a bellicose shift in public opinion, Burns suddenly takes on a querulous tone. Members of Roosevelt's cabinet urged the President "to take the lead" against Germany, but "the President would not lead." As Burns puts it, "The master interpreter to the American people of complex problems at this point seemed to have lost his touch. As usual the President was trying to gauge public opinion, and as usual public opinion was blurred and drifting."



Monument to the Liberalized Abortion Laws

I use the phrase "querulous tone" advisedly, for it is Burns' tone which manifests displeasure with Roosevelt's prewar leadership. In this whole discussion, extending over 150 pages, Burns is perplexingly ambiguous. If he has an opinion on the proper relation of the President to his constituents he is not saying what it is. The history he is writing about, and the later history in which he played a minor role, has confused him and this confusion reveals his own fretful dissatisfaction with Roosevelt.

Consider the author's treatment of events of 1941 in the North Atlantic. In October of that year German submarines torpedoed the **USS Kearney**, and FDR's ringing speech to Americans stopping just short of demanding a declaration of war stirred the American people into a thunderous snore. Legislation to revise the constricting neutrality laws cleared the Senate (4 November) by only 50 to 37 and the House by 212 to 194. The **Reuben James** was torpedoed, with loss of 96 of its crew (Burns claims 115 were lost). Still Congress and the people were unmoved. Burns asserts that "the United States seemed deadlocked—its President handcuffed, its Congress irresolute, its people divided and confused." In such doldrums Burns, the apologist for FDR's opportunism, cannot fault the great opportunist's inaction—there were no opportunities. But from his tone it is obvious that Burns attributes the languid state of public opinion in and out of Congress to FDR: "the immediate proximate reason lay with the President of the United States. He had been following a middle course...; he had been stranded midway between his promise to keep America out of war and his excoriation of Nazism...He had called Hitlerism inhuman, ruthless...He had even issued the ultimate warning: that if Hitler won in Europe, Americans would be forced into a war on their own soil...Now—by early November 1941—there seemed to be nothing more he could say. There seemed to be little more he could do."

Exactly! If there is "no more he could say...no more he could do," how can Burns lay the fault with the President? How much control does a President have? If FDR agreed with Madison he would have spoken forthrightly in favor of aiding the Allies, even to the reaches of war with the Axis, he would run for re-election in 1940 frankly proclaiming his "enlightened views and virtuous sentiments"; but he would no longer be Burns' great opportunist and —remembering the power of isolationists and other antiwar elements—he might no longer be President. Burns cannot have it both ways.

If a President is an opportunist he will have to follow a policy of **laissez faire** with the American people. He can discreetly urge them to act, but if they fail to respond he must patiently await events. Conversely a President may force public

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opinion to his enlightened views, but if the public refuses to follow, he either loses his freedom or they lose theirs. Bearing in mind the fate of our most recent Rooseveltian opportunist, President Johnson, I sympathize with Burns' befuddlement. But Burns is befuddled.

And the confusions continue. After criticizing FDR's reluctance to lead and then stating that FDR was unable to lead, the author commences to discuss morality in politics—a preposterous topic if ever there was one, but an interest Burns insists on dragging through this biography. FDR was "assuming the imperfect moral stand of condemning Hitlerism as utterly evil and bent on world domination without openly and totally combating it, he faced a thicket of secondary but irksome troubles."

I am always a little uneasy when scholars begin elucidating "moral stands" as reasons for political action. One statesman's morality is another's atrocity. Yesterday's moral missions are today's abominations. Our trials in Vietnam should have presented Burns with evidence enough that thickets of "irksome but secondary problems" are not obviated by moral stands. Though I am unsure as to what Burns considers a "perfect moral stand," it does seem that a man could possess enough fissionable material for the moral stand of an archangel and still refrain from "openly and totally combating" evil—especially if that man were President of the United States.

After all the American constitutional process does (as Senator Fulbright reminds us) restrict the action of the executive even in matters of foreign policy. Here Burns is caught in the present's conflict with the past, and if we want evidence of how the tumult of the sixties has done violence to those New Deal verities Burns once endorsed we need look no further.

In the early sixties the aging Rooseveltian liberals urged that the chief executive receive increased power over foreign policy. As Senator Fulbright said in 1961, "the overriding problem of inadequate presidential authority in foreign affairs, however, derives not from internal relationships within the executive branch, but from the 'checks and balances' of congressional authority in foreign relations."

Then came Vietnam. Today the Fulbrights are urging Congress to limit the chief executive's power over foreign policy. Those individuals who only ten years ago wished to rearrange constitutional process want today to restore it. For a Roosevelt biographer and card-carrying liberal such an alteration must have appeared insidious. Burns' problems with American constitutional process run deeper than the vagrant priorities of liberal convention, and they flaw his biography of America's wartime President.

Some years ago Burns while arguing for changes in the American system of government (**The Deadlock of Democracy**) introduced the theory that America's two-party system is actually a four-party system, composed of Presidential Democrats, Presidential Republicans, Legislative Democrats and Legislative Republicans. Those parties resident in Congress are generally provincial, while those in the executive are more cosmopolitan. This division seems contrived. Most evidence indicates that the national parties are loose amalgamations of fifty autonomous organizations. At best Burns' thesis is bizarre, and most political scientists dismiss it. Unfortunately he has brought this whole daft contrivance into **Roosevelt: The Soldier of Freedom**, and if his yearnings for a more importunate prewar President render his grasp of American democratic process suspect, his insistence on this singular notion of American politics reinforces the suspicion.

Thus far the confusions I have found in Burns' book are confusions arising from shaken convictions or at least issues he has not resolved. Two final points perhaps indicate that even his recording of events is unfocused.

When I first read his version of America's drift toward war with Japan, I felt he had merely underemphasized an issue which I am convinced had crucial significance—to wit, the question of oil. By the late thirties eighty per cent of Japan's oil came from the United States. When Roosevelt for strategic reasons curtailed that oil flow in 1940-41, Japan moved toward war. From the summer of 1940, Washington was embargoing the shipment of strategic materials to Japan, especially high octane gasoline. Japan now looked to the Dutch East Indies for oil, though Japanese planners realized that to take the Dutch Indies meant war with the United States.

On 27 January 1941 Admiral Yamamoto began planning for Pearl Harbor. When on 26 July 1941, FDR froze Japanese assets, both nations moved into a collision course. The President nationalized the Philippine army, making Douglas MacArthur commanding general of Far Eastern Forces; Japanese planners drafted plans for attacks on the Malay Peninsula, the Philippines and Hawaii. Though the bewildering lurches of diplomacy between governments, and strategic disagreements within governments, shrouded reality, the fact remains that from the summer of 1940 powerful elements in Japan were looking greedily to the south rather than the north (that is, to Russian Siberia which of course became

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highly vulnerable when Germany attacked Russia in June 1941).

The Japanese, then, were anticipating war with America. Burns, however, does not make this point clear, and merely confounds things when he writes that: "Eventually an open conflict with Germany must come; if Japan had not yet entered the war, perhaps it would stay out for the same reason it had kept out of the Russo-German conflict." Indeed America might go to war with Germany; but Japan could not remain neutral for the **same** reason it remained neutral with Russia, because Japan was planning war with America—the strongest elements in Japan **wanted** war with America. With exception of Foreign Minister Matsuoka no important Japanese desired war with Russia. The two nations had signed a neutrality pact (13 April 1941); Japan desired oil in the south, not war in Siberia.

This curious slovenliness in the author's discussion of the origins of war with Japan seeps into his treatment of the origins of the Cold War. The issue itself is an exceedingly hot item in historical circles at the present time, due to the work of the New Left revisionists who ascribe the Cold War not to Soviet truculence but to avaricious or ill-advised American liberals. I find the new revisionists tendentious and occasionally dishonest (the September **Alternative** will feature a thoughtful account of this controversy by a gifted young historian).

Unfortunately, though most historians disagree with the new assault on Rooseveltian foreign policy, few have bothered to refute it. Burns is no exception. In spite of his claim that this Cold War issue is a "subtheme" of his biography, he does almost nothing with it. In light of the work of men like George F. Kennan, Burns is really not telling us much when he says that: "While the roots of post-World War II hostility between Russia and the West are of course multifold, lying deep in Russian, European, and American history, I have concluded that the decisive turn toward the Cold War came during the war...." There are formidable arguments against the revisionist position. This book would have been a splendid opportunity to set, or reset, the record. But Roosevelt's legacy seems decrepit today, and Burns is not sure he wants to defend it.

All this is not to say that the book is without merit or that it is uninteresting. I recommend it, shortcomings notwithstanding. No American historian has depicted Roosevelt's life during the Second World War with Burns' eloquence and care for detail. No other historian whom I have read conveys so sensitively the temper of the American people in the early forties. His major theme is sound, and his lesser themes—that the third term, rather than the earlier New Deal, transformed our government into "modern presidential government," and that the war years worked vast and subtle changes on American society—are informative and convincing. The author is an artful writer, and I believe a man of high ideals—the only problem is that those ideals have lost their magic.

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Dream from the Glands

Revolution as Theatre

by Robert Brustein
Liveright, $1.95 (paper), $5.95 (cloth)

"Something," Robert Brustein says in the "Introduction" to this collection of essays, "is eating me. I have the conviction, and it grows rather than lessens, that we are living in a profoundly decadent society. Worse, I suspect that some of the very things that are taken as symbols of transformation are themselves further signs of decline." Among the things which many people take as "symbols of transformation" or liberation or revolution but that Brustein sees as "further signs of decline" are the thoughtlessness, impulsiveness and meanness of the New Left and the attack on professionalism in the universities (an attack that often is led by members of the New Left).

In the book's title essay, Brustein says that, in America, a paradoxical situation now exists. On the one hand, there is increasing political repression. The Nixon Administration is unresponsive to protest while calling for social change and powerful enough to ignore and even suppress its opponents. Yet, on the other hand, there is unprecedented freedom of expression — unprecedented not just for America but perhaps for the whole world. America, Brustein contends, is a "culturally open, politically closed society."

Brustein believes that, given political repression, freedom of expression should be most valuable not to political activists but rather to "artists and thinkers." But, at least for the time being, many artists and thinkers have stopped doing serious aesthetic or intellectual work (often in order to do work that is more lucrative or politically useful), and the people who have exploited most fully the new freedom of expression have been "militants and radicals." Not only have militants and radicals been free to say and, to a large extent, do what they want, but as a result of a new receptivity in the mass media to radical political views, they have been seen and heard by millions of people.

(I should stress here that the mass media have given new attention and prominence to "radical" and not all "unfashionable" or "unpopular" political views. For example, traditional conservative as well as libertarian political views have received relatively little mass media exposure. This is not wholly the result, as some people suppose, of the liberal political bias of workers in the mass media. The fact is, if mass media organizations are to survive, they must attract and hold mass audiences, and what these audiences want above all is entertainment. Many conservatives are pleasant but they are not entertaining. They tend to engage in such boring activities as reasonable discussions in peaceful settings. This, many radicals sense, will never do. Such activities will not sell newspapers or raise a network's Nielsen ratings and, therefore, they will not receive much coverage. But visually exciting and socially outrageous events that are part of ongoing political controversy will receive lots of coverage, and so many radicals, who if they want nothing else want attention, stage such events. Conservatives like to talk about the free market, but at least as far as the entertainment industry is concerned, radicals know what sells.)

Brustein feels that freedom of speech and access to the media have provided radicals with a magnificent chance to present ideas and programs, but what many radicals have done instead is to furnish entertainment, with a special emphasis on violent rhetoric. This rhetoric is intended neither to enlighten nor to persuade anyone and according to Brustein, it indicates that the radicals are not strong but weak and that they possess no coherent ideology. The radicals, however, do possess "passions" and this explains their "weakness for rhetoric and gestures, rather than programs and organization."

In Brustein's view, the radicals' tough talk and ludicrous posturing amounts not to revolution but to theatre, "a product of histrionic personalities and staged events." The actors in this theatre include not only militants and radicals but also some "successful, wealthy liberals." From out of the ranks of these liberals comes what Brustein calls "the cocktail party revolutionary": "Trailing excitement through the corridors of universities, museums, courtrooms, and publishing houses, always certain (in Saul Bellow's words) to enact his 'revolutionary passions against a background of institutional safety,' he dreams fantasies of violence within a context of hedonism, usually stopping short of physical danger or property loss."

Brustein sees decent and intelligent men "stranded between two ignorant armies [I take it he means the Left and the Right], each dedicated to obliterating the other, each identifying everyone else as the enemy." He asks "what to do," and he answers that, to begin with, there must be a recognition that political revolution in America is "a stage idea" and a rejection of those who play at acting out this idea. Brustein maintains that the only revolution that is at all feasible in America at this time is "a revolution of character," and this revolution would require "an act of moral transcendence, humane intelligence, and deliberate will." It is not clear to me what the content of such an act would be, but presumably it would not be what either radicals or reactionaries have in mind.

While American society needs "a revolution of character," American universities need a defense of professionalism. Brustein roughly defines professionalism as "a condition deter-

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mined by training, experience, skill, and achievement (by remuneration, too, but this is secondary)." He believes the decline of the professional is related to the elevation of the amateur, who now has the status of "a kind of democratic culture hero, subject to no standards or restrictions." Brustein points out that "if the amateur is coequal—and some would say, superior—to the professional, then the student is coequal or superior to the professor...."

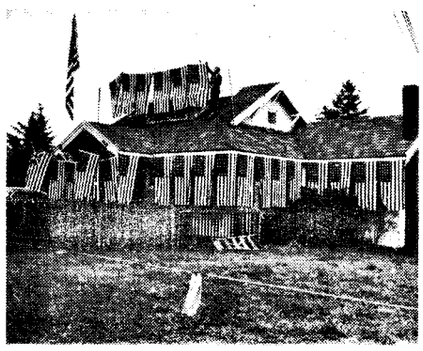
Unlike many observers of campus unrest, Brustein does not catalogue events or issues but rather examines the premises on which many students and some teachers and administrators act. He devotes particular attention to two analogies that have been promoted by those attacking professionalism and often accepted unthinkingly by those who, at least in principle, support professionalism. Brustein maintains that both these analogies are false and misleading.

One false analogy is that between democratic polities and universities. Students who make this analogy . "...begin by demanding a representative voice in the 'decisions that affect our lives,' including questions of faculty tenure, curriculum changes, grading, and academic discipline. As universities begin to grant some of these demands, thus tacitly accepting the analogy, the demands escalate to the point where students are now insisting on a voice in electing the university president, a role in choosing the faculty, and even a place on the board of trustees."

Brustein says "certainly, a student role in university affairs is both practical and desirable, as long as that role remains advisory" but he argues: "Clearly, it is absurd to identify electoral with educational institutions. To compare the state with the academy is to assume that the primary function of the university is to govern and rule. While the relationship between the administration and the faculty does have certain political overtones, the faculty and administration can no more be considered the elected representatives of the student body than the students—who were admitted after voluntary application on a selective and competitive basis—can be considered freeborn citizens of a democratic state. The relationship between teacher and student is mainly tutorial. Thus, the faculty member functions not to represent the student's interests in relation to the administration, but rather to communicate knowledge from one who knows to one who doesn't. That the reasoning behind this analogy has not been more frequently questioned indicates the extent to which some teachers are refusing to exercise their roles as professionals."

Another false analogy that contributes to the erosion of professionalism in the university is that between bad authority (or in other words the abuse of authority) and all authority. According to this analogy, since some people who occupy positions of authority are insensitive or even cruel, all people who occupy such positions, including teachers, are insensitive and cruel. Thus, there are students who are opposed to lecture courses where teachers, appearing as "authorities," attempt to communicate what they know. These students prefer discussion meetings or "rap sessions," where opinions, however uninformed or incoherent, often receive more attention than the subject matter. The rejection of the teacher's authority implies that the student is as competent to decide what he should do and to evaluate what he accomplishes as the teacher.

Brustein maintains that many students not only lack but actively resist acquiring the maturity that is essential for professionalism. He notes that: "...Paul Goodman has observed, in **The Community of Scholars**, when you teach the child, you teach the person; when you teach the adolescent, you teach the subject through the person; **but when you teach the adult, you teach the subject.** Behind Goodman's observation lies the assumption that the university student is, or should already be, a developed personality, that he comes to the academy not to investigate his 'life style' but to absorb what knowledge he can, and that he is, therefore, preparing himself, through study, research, and contemplation, to enter the community of professional scholars. In resisting this notion, some students reveal their desire to maintain the conditions of childhood, to preserve the liberty they enjoyed in their homes and secondary schools, to extend the privileges of a child-and youth-oriented culture into their mature years. They wish to remain amateurs."



Congratulations to Mr. B. D. Lenius, 28, of Renton, Washington who is just finished hanging his 27th flag from his house and which our bookkeeper pointed out is one flag short of his age.

Brustein makes clear the kind of amateurs these students are. He points out that "...the word **amateur** comes from the Latin verb, to love—presumably because the amateur is motivated by passion rather than money. Today's amateur, however, seems to love not his subject but himself. And his assault on authority—on the application of professional standards in judgment of his intellectual development—is a strategy to keep this self-love unalloyed."

Brustein believes that if professionalism were being attacked only by some young people who are not professionals, it would not be in jeopardy. But in fact professionalism is also being abandoned and even attacked by many professionals themselves.

Conspicuous among the professionals who are unable or unwilling to defend the professionalism they are supposed to represent are liberal faculty members. These faculty members are not constitutionally incapable of fighting what they believe to be wrong. In the past, they have resisted—with much success—right-wing attempts to limit or destroy academic freedom. But for political as well as psychological reasons, these faculty members find it difficult to oppose radical students. They are even tempted to join them.

Like many other liberals, "...the liberal faculty member shares the frustrations of the powerless at the same time that he enjoys the privileges of the elite. He pays the price of this dilemma in remorse, guilt, soul-searching, inseeurity, and confusion." The radicals exploit this dilemma and hold out a way to resolve it: total commitment to "the movement" or "revolution" or "liberation," the hard happiness of certainty.

Liberal faculty members are vulnerable not only to the political appeals of young radicals but to the very youth of these radicals. As Brustein puts it, the liberal faculty member "...is one of the more conspicuous victims of America's habit of worshipping youth. His profession puts him in daily contact with young people who perpetually besiege him with their lifestyles—their special language, their colorful dress, their films, their music, all accentuated further by the mass media markets. Youth is everywhere, confident and vigorous and culturally approved, while he remains the fellow with the glasses and the educated speech, America's fall guy, doomed to reasonableness and prudence in a world of instinct, Oriental mysticism, blown minds, and casual promiscuity."

The liberal faculty member often adopts the dress, the language, the politics and the social customs of his young students. In an attempt to please them, he offers courses in "subjects" about which he knows little or nothing but which his students find "relevant." Brustein says that on the one hand, curriculum changes of this sort are merely "a harmless waste of time," but on the other hand, they pose a serious threat to scholarship. Disciplines that are not or cannot be made "relevant," that is to say, fashionable, are losing students, and without students who will become scholars and teachers, these disciplines cannot last.

Some students are demanding—and some liberal faculty members are trying to satisfy the demand—that the curriculum be not only "relevant" but "useful," for example, by performing services for the community in which the university is located. Brustein notes that this "pernicious utilitarianism" is not now, that historically American culture has not prized the pursuit of truth for its own sake. In noting this, Brustein is referring to the attitude of Americans outside the universities. He fails to point out or, at least, sufficiently emphasize that for years many professors have been in the brains-for-hire business. They have wanted to be "useful" because the more "useful" they become, the more of a chance they have to become famous, powerful or wealthy. Many social scien-

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tists have enjoyed being social engineers, but while this has meant good times for these social scientists, it often has been bad news for the people who were being engineered into various textbook Utopias. "Useful" professors occasionally take time out from their work for the government, private foundations, consulting firms, and so on, to declare their devotion to the life of the mind and to denounce those students who are not sticking to their studies.

Brustein suggests that there be "purely service" institutions in urban centers for students and faculty who are discontented with the universities and interested in activism. He proposes that these institutions be supported by the cities, private donors and "a graduated income tax" on the members of these institutions. I do not believe that the cities should help to fund these institutions, whose objectives might include, say, the overthrow of the city governments which are supporting them. Even were the cities willing to pay, I doubt that these institutions would be created or last. People who are antagonistic to intellectual discipline and institutional order are hardly equipped to establish and maintain organizations (note the short, chaotic lives of the "free universities" and the disintegration of student governments at many colleges and universities). In any case, as long as the universities subsidize, through zero or nominal tuition, students who are indifferent or even hostile to learning and scholarship, and as long as the universities maintain an environment that is congenial to and even dominated by these students, the universities can expect these students to stay around. They have no incentive to leave.

Most essays on contemporary affairs are like contemporary affairs—they don't last. The essays in **Revolution as Theatre**, all previously published or delivered in public, are exceptions, and this is because they are exceptionally thoughtful and well-written. I was delighted to re-read those essays I had read before and to find all the essays conveniently collected in one volume. I recommend the book to anyone who is trying to understand contemporary American culture and politics and the upheaval in American universities. But I have three criticisms to make of Brustein's conception of the current political situation in America.

The first criticism is that Brustein is wrong when he characterizes America as a "politically closed" society. It is true that the continuing revelations about government agencies maintaining surveillance over millions of citizens are not reassuring on this point, but these revelations are not all we know or all that is pertinent about contemporary American political life. We know and it is pertinent that over the past decade there have been substantial improvements in the political as well as economic conditions of blacks and other Americans, even though some people who seem to derive perverse pleasure from anticipating catastrophe, insist that nothing has changed or even that things have gotten worse. We also know and it is pertinent that various political movements and voluntary associations—for example, the peace and ecology movements—have affected public opinion and government policy. Phenomena such as these are not characteristic of a "politically closed" society, nor, I might add, is unprecedented freedom of speech.

My second criticism of Brustein's conception of the current political situation is that his appreciation of the theatrical quality of much radical political action (an appreciation we might expect from a brilliant theatre critic and Dean of the Yale School of Drama) and this action's political unproductivity leads him to underestimate or overlook the damage this action has done to American democracy and the universities. A democracy depends not only on free speech, regular elections and so forth, but also on the confidence the citizens have in democracy itself. This confidence, in turn, depends on the expectation of each citizen that his fellow citizens will act reasonably and responsibly. The theatrical activities of the radicals do not encourage that expectation and, to that extent, they undermine democracy. As for the universities, what the radicals have been up to there has made not only for bad theatre but for academic disintegration.

My third and final criticism of Brustein's political conception is aimed at what at first might seem a virtue: Brustein's attempt to be balanced or fair. Brustein strongly criticizes the New Left but, being a man of the Old Left, he does not want to give the appearance of ignoring or apologizing for the Right. Heaven knows there is enough to criticize on the Right, but Brustein's criticisms often are unclear or unwarranted. He fails, for example, to distinguish between what the government does and what conservatives believe and support. No doubt Brustein deplores, as do I, the surveillance of civilians by the military, but the man who is leading the Senate's investigation of this matter is Sam Ervin, who, I am informed by reliable sources, is not a prominent liberal. Brustein also often equates the intentions and activities of the radicals with those of their opponents ("two ignorant armies"). Thus, at one point in an essay entitled "A Matter of Accountability," Brustein warns: "We must beware of those who call others 'pig,' just as we must beware of those who call others 'effete, impudent snobs'—both are dehumanizing the opposition in preparation for committing inhuman acts against it."

Now, the term "effete, impudent snobs" was not intended by Vice President Agnew as a compliment to those to whom it was applied, and it may have been applied unfairly. But to call someone a "snob" is only to assert that he has a defect of character, a **human** failing, while to call someone a "pig" is to deny his humanity and, consequently, his right to be treated as a human being. As far as I know, Vice President Agnew has not committed and is not preparing to commit any "inhuman acts" against his opponents. I wish I could say the same for those extremists who use the word "pigs"—as in "off the pigs." Perhaps it is not their self-indulgence or stupidity but rather their lack of respect and compassion for other human beings which makes the extremists on the Left so unappealing and appalling. We can survive and we have survived stupidity and self-indulgence, but a malignant contempt for other people threatens everything that makes life bearable and, at rare moments, beautiful.

Terry Krieger

For Peace

Strategy and Military Technology

By Possony and Pournelle

Dunellen Company, $7.95

The history of armed conflict is replete with examples involving the interaction of technology and strategy. The dialectic between weapons of attack and of defense alternates between periods when the technology and tactics of defense dominated warfare and periods when the technology and tactics of defense predominated. Perhaps the most consistent theme of the history of warfare has been the increasing tempo of the alternating dominance of attack and defense technologies. The nature of the technology available for the military will typically dictate the appropriate tactics.

For example, the apparent dominance of the combination of barbed wire, machine guns and trenches during World War I led to the widespread adoption of tactics which were based on the apparent dominance of such defensive technology. The technology that became available in the twenties and thirties — mechanized warfare—was widely perceived by the German general staff and exploited. New strategies and tactics based on employment of the technologies associated with mechanized warfare were the result which soon rendered World War I strategy obsolescent in World War II.

The decades since the end of World War II have seen the institutionalization of the process which develops and exploits technology practical for military purposes. The system designed to produce required technologies for military purposes is well-developed, such that appropriate technologies can be procured for virtually any plausible military requirement that is proposed. The system of institutionalized research and development could just as easily produce appropriate weapon systems for the "massive retaliation" doctrine which dominated strategic thought during the fifties as produce highly survivable

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strategic attack systems for the "assured destruction" doctrine which dominated the sixties.

The essential ingredient required to maintain a high level of scientific and engineering expertise to produce the needed technologies was a broad level of financial support for all major branches of basic and applied research. These requirements in the post-Sputnik scientific binge which was abruptly terminated about 1965 as the requirements for the war in Vietnam began to diminish the level of funding available to the research and development community for military purposes.

Between 1965 and 1970 the funding available, in constant dollars, fell sharply. For example, research and development expenditures by the Air Force fell more than forty per cent in constant dollars from the amount available during the mid-fifties. This precipitous decline in United States support for military research and development occurred simultaneously with an extraordinary Soviet effort in the research, development and production aspects of military resources.

It is indeed ironic that United States R & D expenditures appear to be inversely correlated with Soviet efforts such that as the relative and absolute levels of the military threat which the Soviet Union poses to the United States is at a historical high, the United States is allocating fewer resources in the constant dollar sense than it did when the Soviet threat was far less serious.

It is this situation which has undoubtedly led Stefan T. Possony and J. E. Pournelle to assemble the volume, **The Strategy of Technology: Winning the Decisive War** (New York: Dunellen, 1970). The Possony-Pournelle effort is by no means the first work in this field. An earlier volume by Thomas Marshak, **The Strategy of Research and Development** (Santa Monica, California: RAND Corp.), also delved into this topic in a serious and highly technical way. Perhaps the most useful component of the Possony-Pournelle analysis is its effort to explicate the need for an unambiguous integration of strategy in the direction of research and development.

The authors have an explicit point of view as to what the appropriate strategy should be, but the usefulness of integrating R & D objectives into strategic considerations is not restricted to the authors' preferred strategy. Ensuring a compatibility of research, development and deployment efforts with a strategic **Weltanschauung** is essential if the United States is to achieve its foreign policy objectives.

For example, if our strategy includes non-reliance on foreign bases, it is unwise to procure an aircraft such as the ill-fated TFX (F-111) with its limited range and inability to operate from aircraft carriers. Similarly, if one envisions warfare in Europe limited to tactical nuclear weapons, it would be inappropriate to develop highly sophisticated helicopters and low performance fixed wing aircraft in an environment that is almost certain to be contested by effective anti-aircraft measures and high performance Soviet aircraft.

The authors provide a very useful discussion of some of the elements of the technology involved in strategic nuclear attack and defense systems. They employ this information as the basis for discussion of a new strategy which they describe as "assured survival." Essentially it involves the employment of developed, near-developed or likely-to-be developed technologies for the heavy deployment of active defenses against the ballistic missile threat posed by the Soviet Union. There are, of course (and these have been proposed frequently), numerous alternative strategies and the parallel technological requirements to support such strategies. These strategies could imply somewhat different objectives requiring different technology. The crucial point which is well made by Possony-Pournelle is that our national security objectives must be fully integrated with defense strategy and R & D direction if we are to be capable of supporting our foreign policy objectives.

My major source of disagreement with the Possony-Pournelle treatment is their lack of emphasis upon the importance of tactics. Perhaps this problem shows up most clearly in their discussion of short wars, where, I believe, they overemphasize the importance of technology and underrate the importance of tactics.

Take the situation in World War I. The leading strategists of the day were unable to develop the tactics to overcome the problem of trenches, barbed wire and machine guns; a problem which any second lieutenant in World War II was capable of handling almost routinely. In Vietnam, the United States had considerable difficulty in dealing cheaply with a guerrilla force. It was not the technology, for the most part, that was lacking (although in such areas as night-fighting and other aspects of remote sensors, the technology could stand considerable improvement). The primary problem was a tactical one.

The tactical problems are discussed in many studies—perhaps the best source is Frank Armbruster **et. al., Can We Win in Vietnam?** (New York: Praeger, 1968) which suggests that very low levels of technological sophistication are necessary. Perhaps fifty to one hundred competent police with dogs would have been more appropriate than one hundred technologically sophisticated United States combat maneuver battalions in rooting out the infrastructure and making a guerrilla war impossible for the enemy. Increased emphasis on technology would not improve the prospects for suppressing insurgencies, but the employment of appropriate tactics would reduce the insurgency problem to trivial proportions.

Although it is possible to over-emphasize the contribution which technology can make to the fulfillment of a political strategy, the danger of underestimating its importance is far more real in the current socio-political environment. Hopefully other analysts will continue a searching examination of the relationship between strategy and technology.

William Schneider, Jr.

Mental Hygiene or Clean Brains

The Manufacture of Madness

by T. S. Szasz
Harper and Row, $8.98

Ideology and Insanity

by T. S. Szasz
Doubleday Anchor, $1.95 (paper)

Thomas Szasz, a Professor of Psychiatry at the State University of New York at Syracuse, has for a number of years been a phenomenon on the intellectual scene. His many books (such as **The Myth of Mental Health and The Ethics of Psychoanalysis**) and articles have made him a unique sort of contemporary culture-hero among knowledgeable radicals and conservatives, libertarians and liberals, and his crusading articles have appeared in both **National Review** and the **New Republic.**

Partially this is because a main concern of his has been the fight against the principle of involuntary mental commitment, with which it is difficult not to sympathize. That thousands upon thousands of individuals are incarcerated on the basis of hazy conceptions of "mental illness," and then made to undergo the ministerings of psychiatrists as pure objects, with no voice in their own fates, appears as monstrous to men of good will all along the political spectrum. There is, however, another feeling that helps account for his high repute—a feeling which he has identified and championed and which also cuts across the usual political divisions, exerting an appeal on anyone with a high regard for this whole human enterprise. This has to do with the implications of the increasingly powerful ideology of the mental health movement.

The problem begins with the metaphor of mental "illness" and mental "health." (An indication of the extent of the influence of the movement is that many of us no longer see these as mere metaphors.) For we are not here dealing with anything that has been demonstrated to be a malfunctioning of the brain or nervous system (when it is, it becomes a problem for physiology, not psychiatry). There is no organic pathological condition to be treated; rather it is question of **behavior** that is **judged** to be "diseased." But the "disease" in this case consists in the existence of certain values, choices, habits, patterns of fantasy, etc., in an individual, as "health" consists in different, and preferable, clusters of such elements. The only test of the "illness" of the "mentally ill" is the judgment (on the part of psychiatrists acting as spokesmen for society) that their behavior is seriously deviant.

In what way does this state of affairs, fairly familiar by now, infringe on human dignity and draw together people of conflicting social and political views who unknowingly agree on deeper levels? What is at issue is that the great questions of

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right and wrong, of nobility and shame in human affairs appear on the point of being foreclosed by a caste of self-appointed high priests who happen to practice psychiatry and who have managed in more than one way to bring the power of the State to bear on their side. This is felt to be appalling and grotesque. That, for instance, what Augustine and Luther, Nietzsche, Rousseau and Dostoyevsky anguished over should now blithely be legislated upon through the obiter dicta of "mental hygiene" professionals must cause anyone with a modicum of respect for the human spirit to shudder. Surely, this can't be the final term of the spiritual epic of mankind: a state-subsidized mental health bureaucrat primly recording his verdict that all these men (as well as practically any other interesting personality—think, for instance, of any of the heroes of Shakespeare's tragedies) were simply "sick," "mentally unbalanced" or "emotionally maladjusted." But, on the basis of the thinking of the Mental Health movement, all these men are easily susceptible to such classification. (Poor things! How much better if they had led the life and enjoyed the mentality of a government psychiatrist!)

While liberals and conservatives may sympathize with his view, however, the fact is that Szasz is a libertarian, one of ours. As he says of writers like Hayek, von Mises and Karl Popper: "much of what I have said is merely an extension of their views into psychiatry and the mental health disciplines." The creative application of libertarian principles in his work is evident and comes out clearly in his distinction between free and institutional psychiatry.

The original conception of Freudian psychiatry— in contrast to what had existed before, largely an appendage of prisons for the insane—was that the individual should be in a position to purchase the services of a trained expert to help him, at his own request and initiative, with various problems that may arise from the structure of his life—in regard to his family, friends and associates, job and boss, ability to work, etc. The psychiatrist was to serve the client just as his physician and lawyer did. The money-relationship here provided the client (or "patient") with his protection; it defined the responsiblity of the psychiatrist quite clearly, and kept the client ultimately in control (whatever vissitudes might occur in the course of the analytical relationship). The individual purchased psychiatric services on the market, and the seller, by the nature of the situation, was made to serve the wants of the buyer.

State psychiatry, however, has been the rule throughout history, and it is the norm today in most of the world. Its economic sub-structure is payment of the psychiatrist by someone other than the patient, and it is characterized by the psychiatrist's responsibility to the State, the "community" or, possibly, to no one but himself. The limiting instance of such disregard for the patient is reached in the cases—they are multiplying— in which individuals are placed, by main force and against their expressed will, in "mental hospitals." The violation of the libertarian principle of the rule of law implied here is obvious; in Szasz's words: "...today, in many of our states, physicians have the power to imprison a person in a mental hospital (in actuality, a jail) for as long as fifteen days without a court order; and for life with a court order which...it is a mere formality to secure."

With all this, institutional psychiatry and its current rationale of promoting "mental health" serve a definite social purpose: to implement control of socially-undesirable activity that happens not to be actually against the law, or by means in addition to those provided by the ordinary law. This is shown with startling plainness in the Massachusetts statute, for example, which leaves a person open to involuntary mental hospitalization if he behaves "in a manner which clearly violates the established laws, ordinances, conventions or morals of the community" (cited in **The Manufacture of Madness**, p. 242). Part and parcel of a system of social control, the concepts of "mental health" and "mental illness" function as an ideology, in something like the Marxist sense: as a facade for the value judgments of psychiatrists (and their employers) and, indirectly, for their monetary and power interests.

The manner in which personal and social value judgments are translated into the language of pseudo-medicine and then imposed on a gullible public is beautifully illustrated by Szasz by the history of the invention of a "mental disease": masturbatory insanity. To great effect (in a chapter in **The Manufacture of Madness**) he cites the founders of American, English and French psychiatry—Benjamin Rush, Maudsley, Esquirol—on the nature and consequences of this dread disease, the product of masturbation. Later, certain enthusiasts took the notion to be a medically serious one—it was presented as such—and proceeded with surgical intervention and the application of metal devices to impede the mischievous habit. That professional moralists should have attacked masturbation through the centuries is understandable, if unfortunate. What is illuminating about this chapter in the history of psychiatric thought and practice (a **hidden chapter**—it is, oddly, not mentioned in standard histories of psychiatry, but Szasz provides footnotes) is the use of "science"—pseudo-science, of course—as a method of social control, in this case, as a prop for the ethic of sexual self-denial.

The prejudice against masturbation eventually disappeared, and—aside from Russell Kirk's occasional sniping from his column in National Review—it would be difficult to find anyone willing to defend the old prohibition; as social attitudes changed, so did the solemn "findings of psychiatric science."

Similarly with homosexual acts. Many people, and society at large, find such acts offensive, but instead of couching their disapproval in the traditional language of right and wrong, or in terms of personal preferences, they tend increasingly, under the guidance of psychiatrists, to speak of "mental illness." Anyone who knows anything of the world, however, should be willing to concede at least this to Gay Lib: that it is ridiculous to define homosexual acts out of the universe of the human by some such weasel-word as "mentally ill." They are either wicked and degrading, or a matter of taste, or something everyone should try at least once. These are the decisions one must make for oneself; decisions of this kind are what make up the fabric of a person's life. It is dishonest and dehumanizing, Szasz insists, to pre-empt such decisions by the use of the language of mental hygiene.

Nonetheless, state and national budgets for mental health increase by year; as with education, these budgets are taboo, sacrosanct. If one proposes reducing them, one is—in the unconcious mind of the average educated person— oneself already half-way to "mental illness." The parallels between education and psychiatry in contemporary America are sociologically most interesting. In both fields, we are witnessing the creation of a vast class of state-subsidized intellectuals (or near-intellectuals), using their position of lack of any accountability to the "consumers" of their "products" to promote their own cultural ideals (which are usually those of the State, as well). Of course, they always promote these personal or social ideals in the name of "culture" or "sanity" per se; it is only the know-nothings or the emotionally disturbed who could possibly doubt the burning need for the transfer of money and power. In the controversy over sex-education in the public schools the two groups are allied, mutually reinforcing the purity and unquestionableness of their cause to such a pitch as to remind one of Woodrow Wilson himself. (This issue, incidentally, has been very well treated by Mary Breasted in her recent book, **Oh! Sex Education!**) As things are now, it seems likely that the state-professors and state-psychiatrists will eventually be successful in whatever it is they are aiming at.

Thomas Szasz is one of the most important writers on social and political problems in America today. His scope, erudition and power of argument, as shown in these books and in his other works, are remarkable, and there are whole topics (such as the parallels between the witch-hunting and Mental Health crusades) and a host of insights which there is no space here even to suggest. The libertarian, especially, will find it a delight to acquaint himself with the thought of this genuine freedom fighter.

Ralph Raico

The Virtuous Republic

The Reconstruction of a Christian Order

Insofar as conservative American Protestantism is even considered by educated Americans, two images appear, embodied in two great archetypes: the entertainment version of William Jennings Bryan in "Inherit the Wind," and the more polished, subdued image of Billy Graham. Despite Mr. Graham's attempt to make

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The Bootblack Stand

Dr. George Washington Plunkitt, our prize-winning political analyst, has just completed a penetrating study of the last Congolese election. Published in August, it focuses on the unique position of minority groups in the Congolese electoral process; it can be purchased in all bookstores. It is titled **Escape! A New Demand Response System.** Now, the distinguished Dr. Plunkitt has agreed to, through this column, advise American statesmen in this time of troubles. Address all correspondence to The Bootblack Stand, c/ o The Establishment, R.R. 11, Box 360, Bloomington, Indiana, 47401, Continental U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Plunkitt:

Would you please describe a subtle and politic method with which I can dominate the world, without resorting to crude violence?

Love,
Godzilla, King of the Monsters
Beverly Hills, California

Dear Mr. Godzilla:

I am very glad to hear from you, for I once spent an evening in New Hope, Pennsylvania with a girl who I believe was a sister of yours; she studied crocheting at Radcliffe for many years.

Regarding your inquiry about a method by which one can dominate the world without resorting to crude violence, not long ago I received a similar letter from a Mr. John W. Gardner, LL.B., and former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, which he asked me not to publish. I suggested he establish a national "citizens lobby," become a national nuisance, and mulct every busybody in the land of fifteen dollars by informing them that this new group would grant them an opportunity to stick their snouts into everybody else's business. I told Mr. Gardner that if he handles the publicity corectly, airming it at the "average American," but dominating it with the Eastern Goo Goo patriciate he would be able to attract every last vestige of Puritanism in the land, every relict from the days of manifest destiny, every Ritualistic Liberal—in short he could include every moral strutter known to man into the swindle. I told him to give it an unctuous urgent name like "Common Cause." He did and we are doomed. I intend to marry your sister.

—GWP

Dear Mr. Plunkitt:

I would like to visit our military bases around the country and entertain the troops. However, some of the pig commanders have been very reluctant to accept my propositions. What do you suggest?

Peace and Freedom,
Jane Fonda

Dear Miss Fonda:

Unfortunately, I have very little experience in advising on such matters and—to be quite candid—I had never even heard of you before your recent letter to me. Since receiving your letter I have made a few inquiries concerning your activity and the military's policy regarding women of your sort coming into contact with soldiers.

It disturbs me that you would even ask me for such information. I am a gentleman and a Christian, and do not hold with such shameless behavior—even for the divertissement of men at war. Further I should think that you would have the decency to keep your lewd interests concealed and restrain from attempting to promote yourself in the media.

Yet, if you insist on traipsing from base to base my profound social conscience enjoins me to inform you that the military demands that such women as you bear certification of proper vaccination and submit to weekly medical examinations.

—GWP

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the "old fashioned" gospel seem relevant, American fundamentalism is generally written off by secularized Americans because of fundamentalism's bumbling intrasigence to the twentieth century. More than anything, it is a question of style. It is rather like the **New York Review of [Each Other's] Books:** what it will accept as valid criticism of American education from Paul Goodman, it regards as redneck neanderthalism when expressed by Spiro Agnew.

H. L. Mencken, America's most delightful reprobate after Mark Twain's departure from the land of the booboisie, had a lot more skill in distinguishing religious chicanery from serious faith. Best known to the "civilized" folk he despised so intensely through the characterization of him by Gene Kelly in that historical abomination, "Inherit the Wind," Mencken always retained his big guns for the pompous, the cultured, the formally educated baboons, who manage to become political columnists, university presidents and chairmen of Senate committees. He put "Dr." in front of everyone's name — Dr. Coolidge, Dr. Roosevelt, Dr. Harding — precisely because he knew so well that the earned doctorate was indistinguishable in the minds of the American public from the honorary degree, and so he was offering us all instant prestige. He had fun with the hoopla specialists of the sawdust trail, but he was careful to use his reserves of real contempt for the more respectable charlatans of society. When serious religious faith was involved, he pulled in his horns.

A classic example was his obituary, in 1937, for J. Gresham Machen. Machen (MAYchin) was the unofficial academic spokesman for orthodox Protestantism in his day. Fundamentalists were forced to hitch their programs to his coattails, simply because they had nobody else. (One year after Machen led the minority out of the liberal Presbyterian Church of the U.S.A., Carl McIntyre succeeded in splitting Machen's own denomination, a skill McIntyre has developed into a science in the last three decades. Would Mencken have had a field day with McIntyre!) Machen received far better treatment by Mencken than he did from his liberal Presbyterian "brethren," who spent most of their time calling for love and dispensing discipline on the conservatives. Mencken saw Machen as a scholarly, serious defender of Protestantism (as well as 19th century liberal economics), unlike the "coffee-klatch" Presbyterians who harassed him out of the denomination. Machen was worthy of respect; the liberals were worthy of the zoo.

For two and a half decades after his death, Machen's Protestant brethren were without a voice in the realm of politics, economics, and historical scholarship. The conservative Protestants closed in on their world of narrow biblical studies, leaving the realm of the external to the religious charlatans, the ideology salesmen, and all the other pitchmen of panaceas in the American menagerie. If a Protestant were a serious scholar, he was, by definition either culturally irrelevant or theologically liberal. He might be theologically and politically conservative, but the link between the two was one of temperament, tradition or personal style. There was no one who was able to make a serious intellectual link between explicit biblical religion and principles of political conservatism.

In the early 1960s the "missing link" began to be supplied. R. J. Rushdoony, a former Presbyterian missionary to the Nevada Indians and the San Francisco Chinese, produced two crucial works on American education, **Intellectual Schizophrenia** (1961) and **The Messianic Character of American Education** (1963).

The first argued that education can never be neutral — that it is always a religious act of faith. Thus, Christians are intellectually schizophrenic when they seek to fuse biblical philosophical presuppositions and secular presuppositions. (This position has been stated most rigorously by Cornelius Van Til of Westminster Seminary in Philadelphia, the institution founded by Machen in 1929. Van Til has been the subject of two books by Rushdoony, **Van Til** [1960] and **By What Standard?** [1958]

The Messianic Character is an in-depth study of the two dozen major figures in the history of American public education; it focuses on their philosophical and exceedingly religious presuppositions by which they hoped to remake America into a secular New Jerusalem, owned and operated by the educational elite. Without question, **Messianic Character** is the finest book on the history of progressive education's philosophy that any American conservative has produced. You haven't heard of it, have you? Odd.

Shortly after the publication of **Messianic Character**, his two historical studies were released, **This Independent**

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Republic (1964), which had been the lectures he delivered to the West Coast Summer School of the I.S.I. in 1962, and **The Nature of the American System** (1965). Both are in the tradition of revisionist historiography.

The first one sketches the Christian foundations of the American constitutional experiment, from the Puritans to the American Revolution. He demonstrates beyond a shadow of a doubt that the Revolution was a Christian counter-revolution against the applied sovereignty of an increasingly secular Parliament. America's legal foundation was built on the concept of a responsible commonwealth under God and God's law; America was pluralist, decentralist, and self-consciously Protestant. He relies on the secondary studies of Edmund S. Morgan of Yale and the late Perry Miller of Harvard, as well as on Carl Bridenbaugh's **Mitre and Scepter** (1962), and Alice Baldwin's **The New England Clergy and the American Revolution** (1928). But his real commitment is to a re-examination of Puritan legal concepts, especially in the writings of John Cotton, who seems to have been rediscovered in the 1960s, primarily through the work of Larzer Ziff.

The Nature of the American System begins with the writings of that greatest of all Federalist theoreticians, Fisher Ames. It then argues that it was the invasion of Continental Unitarianism and other forms of Enlightenment thought that marked the beginning of the end of the Christian culture in America. As he says in his chapter on "The Conspiracy View of History," conspiracies always exist, but their success or failure depends upon the prevailing intellectual and religious climate of a culture's citizens.

Obviously, Rushdoony is not the only conservative Protestant scholar who is trying to challenge the secular world. Francis Schaeffer's L'Abri Fellowship in Switzerland is a respectable, scholarly, evangelical mission, and his books are geared to the serious student (**The God Who Is There, Death of the City**, etc.). But his is a scholarship of intellectual criticism — of contemporary art, philosophy, music — and not an attempt to reconstruct society along explicitly Christian and biblical lines. He does not believe that such a reconstruction is possible before Christ returns to earth.

The same is true of the Calvinist school that centers around the Dutch philosopher, Herman Dooyeweerd (DOUGHaywierd). The Dooyeweerd school — or the conservative faction thereof — also provides numerous skillful treatments of the internal inconsistencies of modern secular thought, but the criticisms are all negative exercises. When they begin to pen "positive" Christian answers, they produce systems that can only be described as a kind of Protestant medieval guild socialism.

Not so with Rushdoony. Some of his books are essays in criticism (Rushdoony is primarily an essayist); **The Myth of Over-Population** (1969), **The Mythology of Science** (1967) and the popular collection, **Bread Upon the Waters** (1968). They are attempts at demonstrating the highly unneutral presuppositions and applications of modern liberal scholarship and modern political centralism.

But his most recent efforts have become positive applications of explicitly biblical concepts: **The Biblical Philosophy of History** (1969), **Foundations of Social Order** (1968), and **The One and the Many** (1971). These last two are essentially a single book. They treat the forgotten yet enormously important philosophical issues that have centered around the doctrine of the Trinity. The antiquarians who invariably occupy the chairs in church history have neglected these issues for centuries, and only a few of the secular historians have had the knowledge or the courage to raise them (one of them was once Rushdoony's teacher, Ernst Kantorowicz; another is Charles H. Cochrane).

Rushdoony's operating hypothesis is simple: without a proper doctrine of God, man is left at the mercy of a self-proclaimed divine state. The doctrine of the Trinity states that Jesus Christ was fully man and fully God, i.e., the only historical link between God and man. He alone is sovereign, and any claim to total sovereignty by any earthly institution is illegitimate. Thus, the battle between the early Christian church and the Roman Empire (**Foundations**). Thus, the perpetual philosophical debate between nominalists and realists, statists and anarchists, monists and dualists, mechanists and organicists, rationalists and romantics.

Is the nature of the world essentially one or essentially many; is it ultimately unified or ultimately chaotic? As Rushdoony shows in **The One and the Many**, the debate reveals the fundamental intellectual antinomy of secular thought, and the resolution of it is found in the doctrine of the Trinity: unity and plurality exist simultaneously in one God. The world under God's law must reflect this God. Thus no state may claim to be sovereign over all spheres of life.

His concern, above all, is to demonstrate what the Christian church has forgotten since Christians founded this nation. The resolution of the totalitarian-anarchist dualism is to be found in a concrete application of Old Testament biblical law. This is an unheard-of thought among contemporary conservative Protestants. This is why the **Westminster Theological Journal** has put a reviewing blackout on Rushdoony's books for a decade. The thought that biblical laws are to be taken seriously boggles the minds of all the official Christians who are operational antinomians and culturally impotent. It indicates that they have thrown out their own heritage, that they have been untrue to their faith, that they have failed to preach "the whole counsel of God." Their reaction is that of Stalin to Trotsky: you axe the person closest to your own position before you bother with the official enemies, for it is he who is challenging you to remain true to your own presuppositions.

Rushdoony's **Politics of Guilt and Pity** (1970) is the manifesto for conservative Protestants who have found the link with conservative political economy. The book's thesis is found in its closing lines: "The myth of man's autonomy from God is the source of man's slavery to man in the form of the state." The modern state has returned to the cosmology of the ancient theocratic kingdoms: it denies that there is any voice of authority beyond its own realm. It is the sovereignty in the world of man, and man is the ultimate god.

To accomplish its goals, the state's elitist planners use the inescapable fact of human guilt to manipulate man — through foreign aid programs, domestic welfare, and schemes of international empire to save the downtrodden masses. The state is therefore messianic in its claims and goals. It is to be the savior of mankind, through a rigorous application of statist law over all areas of life. The chapters of **Politics** cover such diverse topics as "Hell and Politics," "Scapegoats," "The Purposes of Law," "The United Nations: A Religious Dream," "Christian Social Ethics," "The Royal State," "Democracy and Divinity" and "The Moral Foundations of Money."

The foundation of modern politics therefore rests on the hypothesis that man is in need of a savior. The psychological basis of this in modern thought is Freud's discovery of guilt. Rushdoony therefore wrote a brief but thorough analysis of Freud. He found a great title for the book: **Freud** (1965). One quote from this book should do more to open the inner heart of modern political life than any other I can think of at the moment:

"...Freud made the question of man's guilt basic to psychology. Moreover, it must be recognized that no man apart from orthodox Christian thinkers has faced the guilt question more plainly than Freud, who has made it central to his psychology. But, when this is noted, it must then be added that Freud faced the guilt question openly and plainly, not in any even remotely religious sense, but in order to destroy ruthlessly the possibility of a religious concept of guilt by a biological, anthropological, non-moral and non-religious interpretation thereof. Thus he faced the religious issue of guilt with a messianic faith in science's ability, if not to dissolve guilt, at least to reduce it to biology and then to answer it with scientific understanding. . . . Man's nature thus is not only burdened with a sense of guilt (with no meaning or responsibility behind it), but man is also doomed to seek expiation of that guilt through masochistic activities, to inflict self-punishment upon himself by way of atonement, or by sadism to lay his guilt upon an innocent one."

The innocent one, in today's grab-bag of liberal clichés, is the criminal; the guilty party is society, especially the law-abiding elements of that society. Thus, we are told, white racism explains the violence of the cities, and atonement is available: Vista, the Ford Foundation, the Black P. Stone Nation's educational fund, and so forth. Not to mention revenue-sharing (deficit-sharing), the family assistance program, and full-employment budgets. Thus, the politics of guilt and pity becomes a political reality.

What Rushdoony is setting forth philosophically, C. S. Lewis put forth in his classic novel, **That Hideous Strength**

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(1945), which should be the conservative's **1984** or **Animal Farm**, but which is known generally only to the Tolkein-Lewis cultists. What the secular messiahs of science really want is magical power; they want to manipulate us into paradise. The materialists, as Screwtape wrote to Wormwood, have at last begun to believe in demons (but not in God).

Charles H. Cochrane's **Christianity and Classical Culture** (Oxford, 1940) set forth the thesis that the ancient world collapsed from its own philosophical contradictions. Ideas do have consequences, and the dualism between chance and fate, form and matter, could no longer be bridged by the overarching sovereignty of the Roman Empire's theocratic kingdom. Rushdoony expects a similar transformation of our contemporary culture. He can thus be classified in **Esquire's** (April, 1971) "Paranoia, Stage III." (So can I, which is why I get to publish my articles in **The Whole Earth Catalogue** and the Birch Society's **American Opinion**, which is a Stage II journal. **The Alternative** is basically Stage I stuff, except that unlike the typical Stage I man — the Liberal who despairs that men won't listen to good, liberal reason — **The Alternative** thinks that men would be crazy if they did.)

Rushdoony's long-run optimism — again, a minority position in contemporary Protestant thought — is displayed in his recent study, **Thy Kingdom Come** (1971), a commentary on the books of Daniel and Revelation.

It should be obvious what Rushdoony is leading up to. Next year he intends to publish his **magnum opus**, a 1300-page study of biblical law, with applications of the whole of that law structure to contemporary institutions and practices. You can count on the fact that no Protestant denomination will even acknowledge its existence. The book will stand as an indictment of the whole of modern Protestantism — conservative, liberal, radical — and as such it will not be appreciated.

But for conservative Christians who are marginally connected with the churches and marginally connected with contemporary political conservatism, the book should be the testament of Christian reconstruction. It will provide an explicit, concrete alternative to the conservative Protestants who are always crying for "relevance" and who can only offer a bland pietistic theology of cultural retreat. It will not be liked by the churches, and it will be regarded as absolute lunacy by any secularists who might stumble across it, but at least it will offer a new avenue for the theological dead end of pietism. It will offer, at long last, a thoroughly self-conscious philosophy of biblical law, without which even the most zealous Christian will find himself committed to a "baptized secularism" of one kind or another.

Those who hold to such a system of law may well be regarded as hopeless mental cases by the secular world, but at least they will have finally escaped the warmed-over Kantianism which has infected our churches for a century. Without Rushdoony's contributions, it would not have been possible.

(His books are available at a discount from the Presbyterian & Reformed Book Club, Box 185, Nutley, New Jersey, 07110. Membership involves no obligation to purchase anything and no annual fees.)

High on Wagner

The Vienna Opera

by Marcel Prawy
Praeger, $25.00

Marcel Prawy took the Vienna Opera to his heart at an early age and to this day remains one of her most faithful paramours. His feeling for her borders on the erotic and the transports of his rapture transcend even the most sluggish prose, in which he writes a good deal too much.

If **The Vienna Opera** were a book one could all too easily lay on. But it is not. It is rather a love-hymn from the mellifluous pen of an admirer to an elderly yet ageless goddess, a goddess presiding over the world of opera which today sadly enough, is being depopulated. Prawy weaves his words about and through the glorious and tumultuous life of the historic house, supporting her vibrant story much as Melchior sustained the driving lilt of Flagstad's ectasies, and with as fervid a devotion as Parsifal for Kundry. "A boy or girl going on the first date often doesn't like to publicize the fact at home. So what does he or she say? 'I am going to the Opera.' In my case it was exactly the reverse. I was so embarrassed because of my eternal visits to the Opera that in the end I used to say 'I've got a date'. . ." And Prawy never married because he has yet to find the woman who, upon having the conversation interrupted by the Stretta in **Il Trovatore**, would not switch off the radio!

Like any honorable lover, Prawy is quick to defend his chosen from those who would lead her into perversions. He roars out of prayerful contemplation to assail the emergent "dictatorship of scenic production." He flings his caustic barbs at modern composers who often can scarce recognize their own cacophonous creations: "After all, with a divertimento for seven broken chamber pots and one viola this is not so easy." He lays about him with a literate broom and catches poor Wieland Wagner at alternate thrusts, together with similar advocates of the "theatre of the mind" who would fain transmogrify opera into vague farce or deformed musical doggerel: "For here, there and everywhere, the public invariably comes out on strike when the noblest instrument of all, the human voice, is used like a kettle drum." In all this I ride like an out-sized Sancho Panza enthusiastically on the heels of Herr Prawy; though after a few years of American opera-going I question his qualification "invariably."

But Professor Prawy is much too much in love to expend his energies in carp and bile. He is too fond of Maria Jeritza, Ljuba Welitsch, Jan Kiepura, Richard Strauss, Vienna and the counterpoint role he has played with all of them. He is too preoccupied with the tragedy of Fritz Wunderlich, Gigli's missed top C, the queer accompaniment to **Oedipus Rex** which saw Jean Cocteau narrating with his sleeves rolled up. He recalls too dearly the assault on a photographer by "Propeller Herb (von Karajan), the Shatterbug Smacker" to be delayed in the progress of his paean by the vagaries of innovative quidnuncs. (Bernstein's most ardent admirers call him "Lenny," Alfred Piccaver's, "Teddy"; von Karajan is **Herr** von Karajan and Prawy takes an almost impish delight in recounting the "Propeller Herb" anecdote.)

The strength of the book lies in the anecdotes, and the champion of operatic anecdote was the renowned tenor, Leo Slezak. Slezak, on one occasion in the midst of an impassioned Lohengrin, saw the famous swan begin prematurely to paddle off the stage, whereupon he turned to the left curtain and yelled to the stage manager, "What time does the next swan leave?" Another time Dagmar, daughter of Slezak's rival Erik Schmedes, toddled up to the portly singer and said: "Uncle Leo, Papa says he is an artist, but you are only a tenor." Slezak didn't miss a breath: "And you tell your Papa that if he had my top C he would only be a tenor too."

Or there was the time a group of ballerinas complained to the Crown Prince Franz Ferdinand that Opera Director Hans Gregor, a Protestant, had scheduled rehearsals during Holy Week to prevent them from going on a pilgrimage.

Prawy is not all amusement and scandal. He does set to rest the malicious assertion that the disastrous production of Casper's **The Aunt Slept** precipitated the outbreak of the First World War. Prawy terms it "an exaggeration!"

Plato, no doubt, had he been a Viennese, would have put a stop to the Opera in anticipation of its being the womb of political intrigues and subversions. The fact that the Opera consistently tried to keep her skirts unsullied by the petty business of the political world, that she devoted her energies to her art, remains the fountainhead of Prawy's admiration. Internal intrigues there certainly were, a plethora of them; schemes of succession a multitude; of interferences from governmental intendants and **reichsmusikdirigenten** a surfeit. But the Opera went on, supported by loyal troupes and troops, by a succession of brilliant conductors and directors. Knappertsbusch conducted right on during the war as did Furtwangler and Karl Bohm. "Non-aryan" librettists lurked about the resplendent halls. Famous conductors, disguised as workingmen, were often reduced to liberating food, coal and other commodities from nearby trucks to appease their stars but "Remember this—the Vienna Opera does not steal!" and the Vienna Opera went on. To be sure, from 1938-1945 **Die Meistersinger** enjoyed an uncommon popularity (Hitler, after all, couldn't have seen it over a hundred times only in Berlin) and Der Fuhrer's favorite opera, D'Albert's **Tiefland** saw more than its usual number of stagings. But the Opera was not violated until reduced to a smoldering heap of nobility by an air raid

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CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor:

I believe your article on "Catch-22" was a very narrow-minded look at things. There is always more than one way to look at things. . .But, when you can see from only one angle (the "right" or the "left"), then you miss many lessons in Life!

The problem with your paper is that it cuts down every viewpoint that is different from yours (and those who hold these views—i.e. C.O.'s, Pacifists, etc. . .). I don't understand why people can only see ONE way. . .After all, that is what made America great (different ideas—different beliefs and different people). When you tear down the C.O.'s and other members of the American society that do not believe as you do—just remember. . .You are working against basic American principles that America was founded on... freedom of speech, religion and a refuge for those who are being persecuted for their beliefs in their mother country; this is why the "America. . .love it or leave it" slogan only shows how unpatriotic people really are! ! ! As far as War goes (especially the Vietnam war) it is evident that it is NOT good for America, other than economically (especially when Russia is happy with our situation there). Anyone who is in favor of our pouring our resources there. . .and being drained and destroyed from within is certainly a good communist plan— Those who are in favor of this, make me wonder about their true sincerity and concern for our CHRISTIAN nation! ! ! ! That is why I wonder about your magazine! ! !

One of thousands of concerned students in America
Tiffin, Ohio

P.S. I hope you can pray to God and have a clear conscience about your beliefs.

To the Editor:

The tragic fate of the Lithuanian seaman, Simas Kudirka, and the recent events in Poland have shown thinking persons the real nature of Communism.

Nevertheless, our self-styled liberals have studiously avoided condemning the genocide committed by the Russian authorities in Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, Ukraine, Georgia, Armenia and in other parts of the Soviet Union—the prison of non-Russian peoples. Those "liberals" are so indifferent about the totalitarian minority rule in Soviet Russia and the Russian puppet states in Eastern Europe that they speak of reduction of tensions in Eastern Europe without demanding that the causes of such tensions — colonialism, genocide and totalitarianism — should be removed.

Our leftist TV networks have never mentioned that in 1966 the Congress passed a resolution to urge the President of the United States to bring the force of world opinion at the UN on behalf of the restoration of th independence of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia. This resolution also condemns the genocide committed by Soviet Russia in the Baltic States as follows:

"The government of the Soviet Union, through a program of deportations and resettlement of peoples, continues in its efforts to change the ethnic character of the population in the Baltic States."

This resolution was also passed by the Senate after the senators received a flood of letters which exceeded the number of letters concerning all issues on foreign policy but the war in Vietnam. Therefore, self-respecting American citizens of the Eastern European descent together with other concerned citizens should urge the Congress to establish Captive Nations' committees in both houses of the Congress to expose the Russian colonialism and the crimes against humanity committed by the Communists in Eastern Europe.

Dr. Alexander V. Berkis
Professor of History
Longwood College
Farmville, Virginia

To the Editor:

I'm impressed! My very first issue of **The Alternative** contained not one, not two, but many fine articles. How do you do it? "Abraham Lincoln—the Relevance Lingers" by Laurence Berns was most rewarding. Keep up the fine work.

Enthusiastically yours,
James C. Guyot

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on 12 March 1945. The last production before the old house's fiery demise had been **Gotterdammerung.** 1945 was a good year for flaming Valhallas.

The Vienna Opera has of course been rebuilt. La Scala stands, as does the **Festspielhaus** Bayreuth. The Met is in new quarters and John F. Kennedy's memorial (The Vienna Opera House was once called "an architectural 'Konniggratz' ") rises to bosom the stars and to preside over the Potomac (like an architectural "Bay of Pigs"). The facilities have come a long way from the "Imperial and Royal Opera House by the Karnthner Gate," where Beethoven, Donizetti, Nicolai and Verdi conducted their own works in "The Coziest Opera in the World." **Un Ballo in Maschera** is no longer the subject of political censorship (neither, unfortunately, is **Hair**), and it is highly unlikely that folks will ever again work themselves into revolutionary lather over **La muette de Portici.** Meyerbeer's music no longer employs our imaginations to cement castles in the sky and Jess Thomas is from South Dakota.

Opera today has become, as Prawy tells us, "the plaything of the producers." But it has undergone stern tests before. Marcel Prawy will probably write his own **Liebestod** and act it out on the magnificent main stairway of the Vienna Opera House, and the people of Vienna will pay him respects where he took leave of Hilbert and Konetzni. The next day, Lauritz Melchior will discover a young Danish helden-tenor in the suburbs of Chicago who will rise to Wagnerian heights and parachute into his girlfriend's courtyard. And our children will flock to see the young tenor, and they will listen with longing to Little Joseph Schmidt— if only we can get them to read the book; if only we can sustain the Opera.

Art is the expression of the culture, and the present state of Opera is a revealing index. It remains to be seen, though it is doubtful, whether our culture can convincingly sustain in its art, in the reflection of its essence, the words of Guernemanz in **Parsifal; "Hier bist du an geweihtem Ort."** In the Opera House or anywhere else.

Bradley Warren Evans

Moving in September?

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Editorial

(Continued from page 2)

have us believe that it is the Vietnam War. But that jungle rumpus continued uninterrupted through the long winter even while the charlatans snoozed. And, of course, it is as obvious as the mustache on the Queen's face that Mr. Nixon is the first President in the last five to scale down the war, and this reduction has been continuous. (He has reduced the number of troops in Vietnam from the 549,500, stationed there by the Johnson Administration to 284, and in December only 184,000 will be in Vietnam. Further he has cut defense spending from 45 per cent of the budget in 1968 to 37 per cent of the budget he sent Congress, January a year ago.) Others say it is mismanagement of the government, but governments are always mismanaged—and Americans actually enjoy the spectacle of bungling statesmen vigorously promoting inefficiency, scandal and humiliation. So what brings out the charlatans and the vultures every spring, and why do they swarm around Babylon on the Potomac? Why does Senator Rupert V. Hartke, who during the last election season uttered such calm, conservative sonorities, now become such an annoying windbag? And how is it that the vacant blabber of Maine's old mule-faced patriot doubles in frequency with the return of the cherry blossoms?

Asking such questions is like asking why shyster lawyers haunt ambulance depots and emergency wards. Or why flies frequent garbage heaps.

The McGoverns, the Kennedys and the Muskies; the Reichs, the Gardners and the Ramsey Clarks; the Rennie Davises, the Jerry Rubins and the David Dellingers come to life in the spring, because it is in springtime that the nervous swarms of peace lemmings make their exodus from the great universities, streaming into Washington, D.C. And it is off these helpless creatures that the modern American charlatans make their shady livings.

For garnished with their middle-class baubles and traumatized by their brush with the university's thalidomide intellectuals, these college-aged peace lemmings are the perfect chumps, and at their expense a growing host of swindlers are getting fat. After all, how would Charles Reich (LL.B.,J.D.) or Rennie Davis be spending his sober moments were there not swarms of peace lemmings to victimize? Reich would be back in New Haven instructing aspiring F. Lee Baileys in the barrister's art of intimidating female jurists, and Davis would be off joining the Elks while sweating furiously for acceptance in the Junior Chamber of Commerce. And surely that far away look in pious George McGovern's eye would not be cast towards 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue if he did not sense a mystic relationship with the academy's restless lemmings.

II

But why do the lemmings come to Washington? No one knows. Certainly they do not journey to Washington merely to get their pockets picked by Jerry Rubin and to enhance the celebrity of the Great Democracy's fourth-rate Eisenhowers! And they are too stupid to appreciate the strange doings that abound on Capitol Hill.

The most perceptive explanation for the marches on Washington that I have read is that the weather is nice and there is not much else to do. Of course, the weather is also nice in Fort Lauderdale or Daytona Beach. So many of the lemmings go to Florida first.

But, to many of the peace lemmings, high falutin purpose is a kind of catnip, and making a martyr of oneself at a beach party cannot compare with making a nuisance of oneself at the State Department. Even the fawning adults, who think every under-thirty neurotic is a member of the Chosen Generation, would choke on the claim that the peace lemmings marched on Fort Lauderdale so that peace might come to Vietnam. So, the lemmings march on Washington. Besides many of them did not want to study anyhow, and their professors have convinced them that they are right. Americans have come to expect their young to make preposterous demands, and Washington is the town in which to do it. Naturally such an exegesis is considered high profanity amongst America's idolaters of youth, but the elaborate arcanum they have hammered out about youth embraces such a bewildering mass of spurious reasoning and idiotic notions that it is impenetrable to an intelligent American, and no reader of The Alternative worries much about arousing their disapprobation—in fact most consider it a mark of distinguished achievement.

III

So it is that the peace lemmings and the charlatans can be dismissed as dolts and swindlers. And most of those who praise them are a combination of the two. But I believe it is incorrect to lump the electronic press along with these others. Those who denounce the performers of network news as demons are for a certitude seeing horns where halos rise. It is a grievous injustice to Eric Severeid to identify him as just another brand of Kennedy, just another John Gardner without the vaults of baloney, just a Muskie without the sawdust to clog his coco. Even when the eminent Mr. Agnew cites the commentators' incomparable fish stories, their deft intonation of weasel words, their cunning paralogistics, I must dissent. For I believe that theirs is an act of charity. Indeed, the average news commentator is as gentle as Saint Francis and as charitable as Miss Nightingale. The commentators' exaggerated coverage of the march of the lemmings was one of the most unsordid gestures of this century. This is not to say your radio or television speaks God's truth. Of course their stories are as crooked as a dog's hind leg. But one must follow closely the reasoning of saints.

IV

Now it is manifest that—contrary to the mythopoeic utterances of the commentators—those peace lemmings who rise up every spring are not constructive members of society—much the contrary. As most are ignoramuses and many are bounders their activity could not fail to be destructive. Then too, their marches have had all the effect on government policy (that is American government policy) as Geritol on a month-old cadaver. For American policy is decided at the polls by the people. In 1968 the lemmings surely did not have their way with Mr. Humphrey or with Mr. Nixon, and no one has ever claimed that their subsequent rampages or marches affected the 1970 elections—except to assure Mr. Wallace a future constituency.

For the lemmings have never bothered to establish a viable political organization—and there is a simple reason for it. The lemmings are mutilators. They mutilate property, private and public; they mutilate institutions; they mutilate the spirit. They even mutilate themselves, and they destroy their own leaders. Through all their seasonal processions none of their leaders—no matter how drenched in electronic grace—has ever been around for a second season. Where are the Hawks and the Browns of yesteryear? The only names that continue to appear across the air waves are those of the charlatans and they are simply too shifty for the mutilators and the mutilated.

Nonetheless, it seems that the commentators are forever lavishing attention on the lemmings, getting duped by the charlatans' staged events and reacting to their vaticinations of doom. To the average thinking person any impudent dreg burning an American flag, urging a Viet Cong victory or flaunting a ring made from the plane of a downed American pilot is an unadorned incivist. But the typical news commentator sits gaping before his microphone and declares that the kind of young man performing such stunts is "likely to feel intense patriotism." Further, in spite of all the lemmings' obvious destructiveness, somehow the commentators palm it off as the work of creative young minds, and when the lemmings disrupt campus speakers, prevent peaceful assembly by moderate students, intimidate professors and harass government officials, somehow the commentators fall into caviling about how Mr. Nixon and Mr. Agnew are "polarizing the community." When the commentator reports mindlessness as thoughtfulness, destructiveness as creativity and banality as singularity, many intelligent Americans conclude that they are either fools or impostors. They are neither. The commentators are sentient, intelligent men possessed of deep resources of virtue, and I admire them. Mr. Agnew and fellow critics should remember just one thing as they look for serpentine motives behind the commenator's bosh.

It is an act of Christian charity to call a fat woman beautiful. The peace lemmings are generally wretched, half-formed little creatures. They are hysterical and superstitious. They need something to believe in. They need to feel whole. The male of their species was always the tenth man on the baseball team and the twelfth man when it came time for football. Their female could never find the kind of cosmetic to make a walrus look like a human being. In everything they tried

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most lemmings never quite fit; in the future none of them will fit. They are ugly ducklings that realize they are growing into dodo birds. The news networks realize this and have compassion for them.

Is this so wrong? Agreeing with Dr. Bruno Bettelheim that these lemmings are actually "obsolete youth," the networks hope to give them a purpose. Their eyes must always be pointed to the horizon, so they will not fall into a sulk over their present low state. They must be made to think that their scrawny, febrile endeavors are great deeds, that they have a strong arm on the rudder of the Great Republic, that their vicious, bestial way of life will send civilization soaring. So when the television commentators see them throwing one of their massed tantrums they put it all in a rosy hue. It does no harm to report their anti-intellectualism as the achievement of "the brightest generation in our history," their simian aesthetics as a "new sensibility" and their surliness as the sweetness of youth.

Naturally, all of this is untrue. The goody-goodies who composed the mob at the White House Conference on Youth were a pack of brats. The thousand or so ill-tempered veterans who paraded so maudlinly and mischievously through Washington were but the deranged residue of the 2.49 million mature men who served their country dutifully in Vietnam and who are returning to live in dignity. And the two or three thousand peace lemmings who recently rode into Washington are but a puny fraction of the university population of over seven million young people who want the war ended, but who realize that such things as armies are not so easy to disassemble as television props.

But the majority of veterans, and the majority of students are not rodents, and they are wary of charlatans who are out to mulct and exploit them. What of the uglier of our brothers? The uglies need to be told that they are beautiful. And a great nation can afford to clean up their debris (the bill after the 1969 Vietnam War Moratorium was $688,714) and soothe their premonitions of uselessness. The commentators are correct; they are doing God's own work.

George Nathan

Continuing Crisis
(Continued from page 2)

practicing medicine man from Kula Lumpar, revealed his secret technique for having only seven children by thirty-two wives—abstain. And in Bangkok, Suvit Athajanyakul, 24 shot and killed his girl friend Malika Eua-Areekul, 25, while she was recovering from the aftereffects of an earlier suicide pact between the two. After the shooting Mr. Athajanyakul tried to shoot himself, but it was aborted. South Africa announced that it had hanged eighty persons in the year ending 30 June 1970, and even brighter reports came in from Ceylon where thousands of beheaded carcasses were found—the result of a government program for youthful dissenters. Roy E. Blackwood, an original member of the famed "Blackwood Brothers Gospel Quartet," passed away as did the widely loved Herman, a twenty-three-year-old burro from Potter Park Zoo, Lansing, Michigan.

•Conservationists again sounded the alarm as several species seemed near extinction, the most tragic being the beautiful Washita Ring-Tailed Woodpecker. Johnny Mynear, police chief of Paris, Kentucky, declared a three-hour war on pigeons, by summoning "thirty good shooters." More birds perished in the oil off San Francisco despite speeches and seminars by various college professors from the area. But the grimmest note of all sounded in Lewiston, Idaho where Josiah Red Horse expired. Mr. Horse was the last Nez Perce Indian in captivity. He was ninety- eight.

•The report from another dedicated progressive group—women's liberation—was not much gayer, for while Colorado's Governor John Love was signing a bill to allow women to work in coal mines (legislation whose time had certainly come!) the males of Liechtenstein decided by 1897 to 1817 against female suffrage.

•The era of the little literary journal might well have close as Scanlan's Magazine folded. Sun-bathers breathed easier as the threat of skin cancer was removed by the Senate defeat of the SST. In Russia, however, the sun- bathers were backed into their huts as Aeroflot announced the Russian supersonic transport would start flights in autumn—"in three hours it will whisk you from Moscow to Khabrovsk..." Word also arrived from Moscow that a five-legged frog has been added to the collection of the Living Nature Museum of Tadjikistan. And the former Defense and Finance Minister of West Germany was robbed by two women of easy virtue in Manhattan where he said he was "on business."

•The press reported that former Czechoslovak leader, Alexander Dubcek, has taken employment at a lumber mill in Brataslava. Britain's Princess Anne was thrown from her horse while competing in and English horse show, and a West German professor reported from Dusseldorf that his researches indicated plain mineral oil is the best cure for a hangover. On 6 April the Rt. Hon. Hale Boggs assailed the man the New York Times considers "the capital's only untouchable," J. Edgar Hoover, calling him an emulator of Stalin and Hitler. His outbursts continued throughout the month reaching an Orwellian high toward the end when he found the F.B.I. attempting, among other improbable endeavors, to control his thoughts. It was even reported that an F.B.I. agent had tapped a conversation with Congressman John Downy of Texas, now indicted for bribery conspiracy. No one can say for certain what the outcome of the battle between the agents of Mr. Hoover and the representatives of the people will be, but it seems likely that devotees to ecology will come to the F.B.I.'s support, for Senator Muskie has revealed the agents' interest in a speech he delivered to an Earth Day crowd last year. The New York Times reported that former Czechoslovak leader, Alexander Dubcek, had taken employment as a gardener.

•Diplomacy took an historic twist in April as the American Ping Pong team journeyed to China and on 14 April held a high-level conference with the urbane Premier of China, Senor Chou En-lai, in the Great Hall of the People. On 15 April the White House relaxed its embargo on trade with China.

• Though the domestic price of bamboo fell and there was some fluctuation in the bean sprout market, the general economy seemed to be improving with the total output up and the inflation rate down for the first part of the year. Speculation did arise that Mr. Agnew's views might not be exactly consonant with those of Mr. Nixon and of Mr. Graham B. Steenhove, president of the U.S. Table Tennis Association—a man whose political stock grew during the month.

• The campuses remained relatively peaceful though The University Centers for Rational Alternatives' newsletter, Measure, viewed the quiescence apprehensively. Two hundred to three hundred thousand antiwar demonstrators rallied in Washington on 24 April, but the more energetically nonviolent demonstrations scheduled for the following week fizzled into a few hundred arrests and the unexpected redecorating of Senator Barry Goldwater's office. The Los Angeles City Hall was bombed for the third time in eight months. A fire bomb destroyed the Administration Building at the University of California at Santa Cruz on 8 April, and by the end of the month five more branches of the Bank of America had been bombed, bringing the total number bombed recently to twenty-six. Finally, it was only due to the fast action of the idealistic young clergy on the New York City Council of Churches that plans to present the 1971 Family of Man Award to Mr. Bob Hope were thwarted. The award went instead to Whitney Young, deceased.

•Yet while the peace movement continued to flex its wings, repression stalked the land. The North Flowing Wells School District in Tucson, Arizona fired Anne Stewart for telling her students that she was a witch, and Dr. Brownlee of Ypsilanti, Michigan was found encrusted with tar and feathers but peaceful and optimistic. Nevertheless, and most ominous of all, Robert L. Vitek of Shaker Heights, Ohio was sentenced by a muncipal judge to sit three hours in a pigpen for calling a policeman a pig! So ends our report until next September—though it is doubtful we shall survive that long. □

"THE SUPREME COURT *let stand the ban by Maryland's highest court on the erotic movie,* I Am Curious (Yellow). *The vote was four-to-four, with Justice Douglas abstaining presumably because Grove Press, the distributor, also printed a portion of one of his books in its* Evergreen Review. *If you're planning a smut operation, take care how many Supreme Court Justices you ask along."*

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"Whom the gods destroy they first make mad." --Euripedes

NEW YORK REVIEW OF BOOKS

The New York Review of Books avers a drastic solution to campus unrest:
. . . the best way not to have student protests is to congregate (sic) in a small college homogenous groups of extremely pious, dumb, conservative students . . .

Proof beyond a wisp of doubt that the great people who govern North Vietnam are among the most noble of history's just men:
The North Vietnamese should not, however, be viewed as intransigent on the issue of prisoners of war. On 17 September 1970, the Viet Cong's representative at the Paris Peace Talks, Madame Nguyen Thi Binh, presented—with North Vietnamese concurrence—a new peace proposal that included a remarkable concession on the question of prisoners of war. Madame Binh said that if the United States would agree to withdraw its forces from South Vietnam by June 30, 1971 the communist forces would refrain from attacking the withdrawing U.S. troops and in addition they would begin immediate discussions on the exchange of prisoners. Never before in modern warfare has there been a general prisoner exchange prior to the end of hostilities.

Reasonable estimation of President Nixon's administration, set out in The New York Review of Books, the Reader's Digest of America's penthouse revolutionaries:
It might have been worse but it's so far not so bad as it could have been. There are still some people left alive. Unless he accidentally destroys the world playing macho (sic) across a line drawn on the ground, with some insecure leader, he's not going to do much except kill thousands of Asians and make more homeless.

NEW YORK TIMES

Hard-headed analysis handed down our intellectual-spiritual patriciate, the New York Times:
. . .it will be a pity if the rising political reaction against the student movement succeeds in crushing it because it is still all that the middle class has going for it.

The incomparable Times of New York reports on the lofty ambitions and youthful idealism of Eldridge Cleaver, patriot:
There are advantages in political assassination . . . it has great educational value. . . If Richard Nixon should be killed, I'd consider that an excellent thing. My ambition is the destruction of the American system.

Al Featherton, director of Center for Dialogue, reports to the nation:
Black people are sick and tired of voting for crackers and participating in this jive political system.

NEW REPUBLIC

Cheery appraisal of man's progress by the erudite editors of the New Republic
In spite of the fashionable anthropology of our day, which identifies him (man) as a predatory beast, it seems to me clear that man, in his evolution, has already made noticeable progress in rising above the level of his pre-human ancestors.

The New Republic's chief editorial writer not only reveals deplorable table manners but odd preoccupations in this shocking passage from that once serious journal of American vegetarians:
There wasn't much meat in that warmed-over stew the President served up over television last week. But if you stir it carefully, looking not for what it had but for what it didn't, the dish becomes more interesting, though no more palatable.

From The New Republic comes this revealing note on the extent of the sexual revolution in America:
No one expects him (President Nixon) to climb into bed with President Allende; but couldn't he stop trying to get into bed with Balaguer?

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

The remarkable Arthur Hoppe, columnist and humanist, tells all:
The radio the other morning said the allied invasion of Laos had bogged down. Without thinking, I nodded and said, 'Good.' And having said it, I realized the bitter truth: Now I root against my own country. This is how far I have come in this hated and endless war. This is the nadir I have reached in this winter of my discontent. This is how close I border on treason.

ECOLOGY NOTE

Ecology note found in one of the luminous gazettes of the American Heartland:
Rose Hill Cemetery will be cleaning old flowers off graves the last of this week, so we can resume moving. Anyone wishing to keep any containers pick them up.

MURRAY KEMPTON

An informative report from that worldly-wise reporter, Mr. Kempton:
Grand Juries indict policemen for taking money from gamblers and refuse to indict them for shooting citizens.

Great moments in history as recorded by the distinguished historian and sage, Mr. Kempton:
Frank Sinatra's decision to support Governor Reagan for re-election in California might be seen as the most portentous single political event of the seventies, being an enlistment in the war against the young so at variance with this consequential recruit's whole prior history (sic) as to suggest itself as a token of a sweeping mass shift from tolerance to outrage.

GEORGE McGOVERN

Unexpurgated effusion calmly delivered on the Senate floor by the Rt. Hon. George McGovern, the Sage of South Dakota:
This chamber reeks of blood. Every Senator here is partly responsible for sending 50,000 young Americans to an early grave . . . (The other part of the responsibility probably resides with the 50,000 boys, certainly not with our friends the Viet Cong -Ed.)
And finally the distinguished Senator admits his faculty for communication with the spirits:
. . . there aren't many of these blasted and broken boys who think this war is a glorious venture.

SENATOR CHARLES GOODELL

The dynamic ex-Senator from New York, now a resident of Wall Street, looks at the positive aspects of Our Generation and almost turns the dirty business of politics into lovely poetry:
This is the most beautiful younger generation in the history of our country. I find myself discouraged . . . that many politicians are running against the future generation.

HUMAN GROWTH

Dr. Alan P. Bell, director of the Center for Human Growth in Bloomington, Indiana, defies all the hoary old taboos to propose an historic summit meeting:
I think the time has come for homosexuals and heterosexuals to sit down together, to share their impressions of each other, to get a better idea of the reason they feel the way they do about each other.

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